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MRS. WHITBREAD.

[With an elegant Portrait.]

☞ *The Memoir of Mrs. Whitbread is unavoidably deferred till next Month's Number.*

ON MENTAL PLEASURES.

THE streams of mental pleasures, of which all men may equally partake, flow from one to the other; and that of which we have most frequently tasted, loses neither its flavour, nor its virtue, but frequently acquires new charms, and conveys additional pleasure, the oftener it is tasted. The subjects of these pleasures are as unbounded as the reign of truth, as extensive as the world, as unlimited as the divine perfections. Incorporeal pleasures, therefore, are much more durable than all others: they neither disappear with the light of the day, change with the external form of things, nor descend with our bodies to the tomb; but continue with us while we exist; accompany us under all the vicissitudes not only of our natural life, but of that which is to come; secure us in the darkness of the night, and compensate for all the miseries we are doomed to suffer. A.

OLD WOMAN.

NO. LXVII.

To the OLD WOMAN.

Madam,

THERE is an evil under the sun, which (although old as the dark shadows that are thrown over the face of Nature by the interception of the clouds that sometimes overwhelm his beams) remains the opprobrium of all medical skill for the relief of the body, and of all the lenitives of pain for the diseases of the mind. I mean that deep-seated malady which we call a lowness of the spirits, or, in more fashionable language, a disorder on the nerves.

When this gloomy habit of the soul is aggravated by any internal complaint in the animal machine, it has arrived at its supreme point of tyranny and torture; and only those who have been its victims, can image the sufferings which are thence induced. It is not simply a deprivation of ordinary enjoyments; but it drops a dark curtain upon all created things, both on the earth and in the Heavens. The green mantle of Spring, the various flowers that dress her bosom, the soft verdure that forms her canopy, literally,

"Fades on the eye, and palls upon the sense."

The light of the morning, the splendor of the risen sun, the sweet lustre of the moon-beam, and the glories of the starry firmament, want power to engage the fancy, or to move the heart, of one who is visited by a calamity of this kind: and, in short, the whole universe appears to the sufferer as if covered with utter darkness.

I am led into this train of reflection by an account I have recently received of the situation of an amiable friend and valuable man, whose heart has mourned

mourned the loss of its partner several years; and I felt myself called upon irresistibly by the tender powers of pity, and of friendship, to attempt the relief of the sufferer, by addressing to him some advice, which in similar cases I have known to be effectual; and which, in the present stage of his anxiety, I believed might be salutary in his own. Now, Madam, as the complaint I have therein endeavoured to ameliorate, is, alas! broad and general, and the deplorable effects but too frequently occasioned by similar causes, I am persuaded that the remedy proposed for one sufferer may be communicated to various others. And as I am able to add the illustration of some *practical good* to my admonitions, I am touched with the hope, that what I have succeeded in partially, may be extended to a more general service, by offering you a copy of the letter which I have sent to my friend. By giving it a place in your valuable paper, it may have a chance to reach, and to convey balm into the bosoms of other sufferers; for thrice happy, indeed, must be your readers, if some—alas! if many—by the loss of either a parent, a child, a beloved object, or by some other rend in Nature, have not felt what it is to be condemned to life without enjoying it, without indeed being constrained to wish they might be permitted to lay it down,

> "Or that the Everlasting had not fix'd
> "His canon 'gainst self-slaughter!"

Take then, Madam, the sentiments just as they flowed from my heart to that of my friend—names alone left out; and who—I am delighted to tell you—writes me word, that my advice has done him good.

"*To* ——— Esq.

"My dear Friend,

"I hear with the deepest regret, of your continued indisposition, which, I have too much reason to be-

lieve, is a sickness of the soul rather than of the body—a disease, alas! I know but too well, to be the hardest to be borne, and the most difficult to be removed: and therefore the common remedies of argument, of philosophy, and even of religion itself, have, I doubt not, been suggested by your own good heart, as well as by those who know your value. The lenient hand of time, and of the great Restorer, must take you in their charge; and will, sooner or later, soften the too great acuteness of your present feelings, and reconcile you to endure the past, and comparatively to enjoy the future.

"In the mean time, let me ask you whether you have yet sufficiently tried the effect of changing place and society? I am aware with what reluctance a wounded mind quits the scene of its habitual sorrow; and, as the poet most beautifully says,

"There oft' is found an avarice in grief,
"And the wan eye of sorrow loves to gaze
"Upon its secret hoard of treasur'd woes
"In pining solitude."

But believe me there is nothing which so much tends to prevent the wound from healing as solitude, particularly if that solitude attaches to the spot or to the object we bewail. And hence it is we yield ourselves up self-devoted to a kind of pining misery of thought and inaction, which consumes almost the hope of recovery. It has been the destiny of my life, to observe many who were dear to me, a prey to this species of mental distemper; and the suffering is always the more intense, inasmuch as the self-devoted is himself amiable, and the object which he mourns valuable. A dear friend, however, may be adduced as a supreme instance of the potency (I had almost said of the *omni*potency) of the sort of distress under which you, my friend, labor; and I passed many months with him in a state, of which, I trust in God —comfortless as you may feel yourself, *you can never have*

have an idea—and it proceeded from a similar cause. He was given over, alas! by many others, as sinking into irrecoverable despondency; and, what is worse, he was given over *by himself*, at the time that several eminent physicians earnestly recommended his quitting for a time the place of his residence, and leading a life of loco-motion—and this at a time, when he really thought, and when indeed his spirits were unequal to do more than walk across his room, and that supported by some of his family, or by myself. I thought him of sufficient consequence to the public, and to his family, and had love enough for him myself, to make a trial of the above prescription; for, although my own health was uncertain, those spirits, which are very justly called the life of the man, never forsook me. On this principle we set out, and traversed together many hundred miles, some of which were to be sure disastrous enough, from the cruelty of his sufferings, as well internal as external. I took care that he should see every thing, and think of nothing but what he should see next; and the moment he was tired of one place, I ordered out our steeds—for we performed our journey on horseback, —and moved to another place. I led him into crouded cities, and almost pathless solitudes; and that by rapid transitions to amuse by the contrast. In a word, he put himself as compleatly under my guidance, as if he were in leading-strings; and though, like other refractory wards, he often wavered for the first few months, and sometimes penetrated me even to tears, from the depth of his distressful feelings, with the grief that still lay in his heart, and not seldom gushed to his eyes, I had the comfort to see that he gradually resumed himself. His official duties in the church—for he is a clergyman—he was so far from being equal to, that he would not enter a church, because *in* a church his hopes lay buried.

"His pen, which has been the instrument of so much good to the rising generation, not only lay useless with regard to its exertions for the public, but he could not endure to mark with it a receipt for money; and all sorts of public places, and, indeed, private company, were objects not of escape only, but of terror; as were all sorts of reading, but works of the most desultory and ludicrous nature, and quite foreign to the natural bent of his tender mind. But at length we overcame all these difficulties: I brought him not only to endure, but to enjoy societies, in which he is so well-fitted, by conversation and talents, to take his share. I succeeded equally in conducting him into the theatres; and he even bore to see Mrs. Siddons in one of her most interesting characters. He gathered confidence enough in himself, not only to enter a strange church; but in one of the most populous and fashionable towns of England—where we made a pause—to assist a brother clergyman in the duty of the day, by reading prayers, and composing and preaching an excellent sermon.

"Since which, he has regularly served two churches of his own; undertaken, and compleated, a work of great importance to the public, can walk sixteen miles before dinner, and can ride, indeed, has rode seventy miles in the day by himself; although, when I first mounted him on a horse, he really thought it impossible to keep his seat on the saddle for five minutes. And, except that now and then he has a slight attack of the nerves, is really a hearty and happy man.

"To bring the history of these achievements to a proper point of application to your own case, my dear friend, what remains, but that I earnestly exclaim, in language that I am sure you will admit to be forcible,

"GO, AND DO THOU LIKEWISE."

With

With the first return of the spring, let me enjoin you to leave your beautiful cottage, your garden, and your little farm, and mount your horse, with some congenial associate, who can be gay or grave, as may best suit the atmosphere of your spirits—catch the sea-breezes, though not those too near your home—make a circuitous visit to your friends, in different counties—mix with the family—make one of their guests to country cousins—play with the children—take a part in their sports—attempt even a journey to London—weave yourself into the popular assemblies—attend the good dinners, and even try to work through some of the fashionable crams of that enormous city. In short, interest yourself about every thing that you see or hear, and do not give yourself time to ruminate too deeply, or too long, on any one subject.

"Amongst other things, fail not to make —— one of your places of rendezvous; and give me an opportunity to shew you the proofs of my skill, in the cure of your disorder, by describing to you the state of one of my grand patients, who I am sure will rejoice to see you, and bear witness to the efficacy of the prescription of Your affectionate

——— ———."

PROBATUM EST.

With great readiness do I give up the space (intended for other purposes) to be filled by the above correspondent, upon a subject of the greatest interest and moment; and it is to be feared too many of my readers will find the affecting truths come home too closely to themselves; if so, I can from my own experience assert—for where is the aged person of either sex, who, in the passage of a long life, has not more or less been a sufferer of this kind?—that the only relief to be obtained for body or mind in such cases, must be derived from the means here pointed

pointed out; and that it is a corporeal no less than a mental evil—the one acting on the other—cannot be doubted, but by those who have not seen in others, or experienced in themselves, its direful effects. In such a calamity, there can be nothing so favourable to the afflicted person, as the leading him out in the way above proposed; and his relatives and friends could not shew their love or duty under such a visitation from Heaven so effectually, or to so good purpose, as trying to make the sufferer forget himself, and go with him into almost an entire new set of habits and pursuits; more especially into those which are light and airy; and sometimes to give into plans and speculations of so ludicrous a cast, that the sufferer himself would be amongst the first to consider as too insignificant for his notice, were he less the victim of an unrelenting disorder. A single moment stolen from the tyrant that weighs him down, is to be considered as of the greatest importance; and every trifle from which a respite from the oppressive spirit that bears hard upon the powers of life, is diligently to be sought, and put in action. Be it known, likewise, that the strongest minds, and most feeling hearts, are the most liable to the ravages of this disorder.

SELECT SENTENCES.

No. III.

"WHAT path of life would you pursue?" said Poseidippus, morose, and out of humour with his condition. "In public you are perplexed with business and contention: At home you are tired with cares: In the country you are fatigued with labour: At sea you are exposed to danger: In a foreign land, if rich, you are fearful; if poor, neglected. Have you a wife? expect sorrow. Unmarried? your life is irksome: Children will make you

you anxious: Childless, your life is lonely: Youth is foolish, and grey-hairs feeble. Upon the whole, the wise man would chuse either not to have existed, or to have died the moment of his birth." "Chuse any path of life," replies the chearful Metrodorus: "In the forum are profits, and wise debates: At home, relaxation: In the country, the bounty of nature: The sea-faring life is gainful: In a foreign land, if wealthy, you are respected; if poor, nobody knows it: Are you married? your house is chearful: Unmarried? you live without care: Children afford delight: Childless, you have no sorrow: Youth is vigorous; and old age venerable. The wise man, therefore, would not chuse but to have existed."

Social dispositions produce all those amiable and endearing connections that alleviate the sorrows of human life, adorn our nature, and render us happy.

Friendship requires that the hearts of the persons should, as it were, be amalgamated into one substance; that their thoughts should be transparent to each other, and their communications entire. It is essentially hostile to all mystery.

Pleasure, in itself harmless, may become mischievous, by endearing to us a state which we know to be transient and probatory, and withdrawing our thoughts from that of which every hour brings us nearer to the beginning, and of which no length of time will bring us to the end. Mortification is not virtuous in itself, nor has any other use, but that it disengages us from the allurements of sense. In the state of future perfection, to which we all aspire, there will be pleasure without danger, and security without restraint.

To know the world, is to know its emptiness, its vanity, its futility, and its wickedness. To know it, is to despise it, to be on our guard against it, to labour to live above it; and in this view, an obscure Christian in a village may be said to know the world better than a hoary courtier, or wily politician; for how

how can they be said to know it, who go on to love it, to value it, to be led captive by its allurements, to give their soul in exchange for its lying promises?

To affect virtue for the sake of praise, never can be right; to deserve praise by practising virtue, must always be desirable: to regard the first chiefly as an auxiliary to the latter, is wise; and to employ it only as an engine of usefulness, is generous, noble, and glorious.

EDWIN.

REFLECTIONS ON LIFE.

Beware what earth calls happiness, beware
All joys, but joys that never can expire.

EXPERIENCE daily evinces the truth of the position, that the world in which we are now placed is merely a temporary residence; during our continuance in which, numberless afflictive occurrences will arise to oppress and discourage us. Let us survey the world, and we shall be convinced, that all are, in one shape or another, attacked by the unwelcome shafts of adversity. In short, the present state is a state of warfare, and we must all expect to meet with dangers and difficulties in it. Adversity and disquietude are inseparable from it. It is the inevitable lot of human life, that these frames, the bodies we now inhabit, are speedily to return to their native element; that we are in a few fleeting days, weeks, months, or at most, years, to be withdrawn from the circles in which we now move, from the tenderest ties of friendship and of love. The aged parent, the tender child, the blooming youth, the affectionate friend, the fond husband, and the doating wife, will all, in a short time, escape from the stormy wind and tempest, must all droop, and die; for death regards neither situation nor circumstance. The avenue leading to the grave, is frequented alike by

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the humble and exalted; by the dependent rustic, and the titled courtier. Youth and age, too, are alike subject to his dominion. Perhaps, Reader, thou art standing upon the verge of the tomb; perhaps, the shuttle has passed the loom that wove thy winding-sheet; perhaps, in yonder shop lies rolled up, and ready to be severed off, the piece of cloth destined to be thy shroud. At all events, thou must soon be brought low. Before to-morrow's sun shall gild the saffron morn, the number of thy days may be told, the dart of death levelled at thy heart, and thou mayest no longer be an inhabitant of earth. Pause here, and think! reflect upon the uncertainty of your duration here below; and let this be an awful inducement to you to abhor evil, and do good.

In the present life, every thing partakes of uncertainty—in the one to which we are hastening, every thing is steadfast, unfading, eternal.

> All, all on earth is shadow; all beyond
> Is substance.

Upon earth there is nothing can make us substantially happy—when we imagine ourselves on the brink of felicity, the frail foundation gives way, and we are carried to the tomb.

Thus forewarned of the vicissitudes which attend humanity, parents of both sexes, you have a talent committed to your trust, to which is attached a high degree of responsibility: Consider this, and shew a becoming solicitude for the eternal and temporal welfare of your offspring: Cherish in their minds the first dawnings of religion, and, by your example and precepts, allure them to the performance and love of whatsoever things are pure and holy. But, children, if your parents should either be called hence, or inhumanly neglect your best interests, to pursue the uncertain treasures of the world, remember there is one whose arm is omnipotent, to whom you can confidently look for protection and support.

Oh, my fellow labourers in this working-day world! what can it present to your view worthy your supreme regard? Do you place confidence in your own strength? behold you are altogether weak: In riches? they take to themselves wings, and flee away: in honors and titles? they are but precarious baubles, inconstant as the passing breeze: in health? a long catalogue of diseases are at hand: in long life? Death is at the door: in the smiles of Fortune? they, alas! are converted into frowns: in the enjoyments of love and friendship? lovers and friends too frequently forsake us, and we are left solitary wanderers through the wilderness of life's strange history. Thus situated, then, shall we delay the period of repentance and reformation?

Procrastination is the thief of time.

Whilst we hesitate, we die; whilst we promise ourselves years, perhaps we have not days. Let us, therefore, assiduously labour to encrease in knowledge, that our affection to the Deity may be deeply rooted and rational, and by continual intercourse with Him of prayer and praise, of dependence and confidence in dangers, of thankfulness and joy in prosperity, let us endeavour to keep Him constantly present to our minds, and to render all our conceptions of Him more distinct, lively, and intelligent; for thus only can we obtain an assurance of a bright reversion. To this happy state then let us labour to make our title indisputable, and in so doing, we shall lighten the burdens, and alleviate the sorrows, of life.

Religion! Providence! an after-state!
Here is firm footing, here is solid rock;
This can support us, all is sea besides;
Sinks under us, bestorms, and then devours.
His hand the good man fastens on the skies,
And bids earth roll, nor feels her idle whirl.

EDWIN.

OSBORNE FITZROY:

A CALEDONIAN ROMANCE.

CHAP. II.

[Continued from page 95]

True dignity is his, whose tranquil mind
Virtue has rais'd above the things below;
Who, every hope and fear to Heaven resign'd,
Shrinks not, though Fortune aims her deadliest blow.
BEATTIE.

THE loss of an agreeable companion and indulgent friend, such as Lady Grafton had proved to Lord Edmund, during an union of ten years, left him no other consolation than the caresses of his infant son, whose birth had been the cause of the calamity an affectionate husband lived to deplore. Lord Edmund sunk not with unmanly sorrow, though a new misfortune gave him additional cause of regret: a foreign expedition, which, in his military capacity, he was obliged to undertake, forced him to a separation from a child so fatally endeared to him; as the tender age of Monmouth rendered it impossible that he could brave the hardships of a long voyage; and the anxiety of Lord Edmund was augmented by his disinclination to leave him with relations, from whom he had, in his own person, experienced few acts of kindness or liberality. Time, though it had diminished the ardor of his passion for Margaretta, could never eradicate his esteem; and to see her bestow maternal cares on his boy, would have given comfort to his sad heart; but he had not the temerity to make a proposal, which he feared would subject her to the unkindness of her Lord. Despair at length compelled him to the hazardous attempt, and he succeeded even beyond his expectations. The Duke, to whom Lord Edmund made his application, not only accepted the guardianship of Monmouth, but ex-

pressed his intention of visiting Lord Edmund in town, to make the necessary arrangements, and receive his ward from his hand. The separation was heart-rending to the afflicted father, yet no temporal consideration could induce him to neglect his duty; he breathed but a prayer for his infant, and confident of the love and protection of Margaretta, consigned him to the Duke with a sigh of resignation. Caprice, which ever influenced the actions of Drelingforth, had alone impelled him to undertake the guardianship of Monmouth, for the Duchess had not ventured to hint a wish on the subject, well knowing an insinuation to that purport would produce a refusal. When the Duke returned to Clifford Castle, he presented to his Lady, a boy, blooming, graceful, and the lovely image of his father. Margaretta, who, in the delightful occupations of a mother's solicitude, had subdued an attachment she could no longer encourage without a manifest degree of criminality, received him with a collected air: the Duke regarded her with attention; and if she felt, at the first sight of Monmouth, an involuntary emotion, the tear, which might have betrayed her, was concealed in the embrace with which she welcomed his arrival. Monmouth, who had never known a mother's care, paid to the Duchess that affection, his little susceptible heart would have bestowed on a parent; nor were his playful companions less dear to him, than if they were indeed allied to him by nature. The young Marquis of Atholston, daily improving in person and understanding, regarded his adopted brother with sincere esteem, unmixed with a shade of envy; the prudent impartiality of the Duchess served to strengthen their friendship; and though their dispositions were widely dissimilar, each possessed such a fund of attraction, that their hearts were irresistibly impelled towards each other. Henry Clifford inherited from his father, that impetuosity of temper, which in age takes the extreme of irritability; but

in Henry was counteracted by such generosity, and nobleness of sentiment, as made it rather a virtue than a vice; all his energies were directed to points which terminated decidedly in favor of his character; and his manners were so ingenuous and frank, as to claim general admiration: too proud to commit an action that might require vindication, and too impatient to endure the slightest provocation, he nevertheless warmly extolled the placid virtues of Grafton, who, at the early age of thirteen, shrunk from observation, devoted his time to study, and seemed rather to court the approbation of his own heart, than the adulatory praise of interested or partial persons. The Duchess, who took an active part in the education of her family, adopted her modes of instruction so admirably to the tastes and capacities of the children, that she was rewarded by the most flattering prospects of success. In the docility and amiable manners of her daughter, she found a gratifying proof of the happiness she might look forward to, and her heart proudly acknowledged a child so lovely, so deserving of love. She imbibed, with rapidity, the precepts of her fond governess, and added grace to all her acquisitions, by the sweetness of her temper, easy affability of deportment, filial piety, and a degree of self-command, which prevented her from feeling to excess, the temporary crosses of life. Such was Lady Alexina in her fourteenth year, when the Duke first imparted to Margaretta, his intention of uniting her to Monmouth, then her senior by a twelvemonth: the Duchess, daily importuned on the subject, at length tacitly submitted, and had the satisfaction to perceive the affection of the young couple encrease with their years.

The appointed day of rejoicing being arrived, every heart was light, and even the austere Duke dressed his sombre visage with a smile of complacency, and engaged in the amusive preparations, with the eagerness of a child. The spacious lawn, which fronted

the eastern gate of the castle, was skirted with triple rows of seats, canopied by light and elegant drapery of purple silk, planned by the Duchess and Lady Alexina, who also displayed her taste in the choice and arrangement of the devices and trimmings. Before the gate was raised a splendid pavilion, for the accommodation of the Duke's family and friends; the hangings were white satin, with emblematic medallions; and a drapery of rose-colored net, fringed with silver, supported by slight pillars, encircled with wreaths of variegated lamps, resembling clustering vines, and which even by day-light, had a pleasing effect. Nature added her inimitable charms; and the luxuriant rays of the setting sun, gave a richness to the scene, which rendered it truly elysian. Tables were placed in the centre of the lawn, at equal distances, covered with choice refreshments, and decorated by the unwearied industry of Lady Alexina, to whose ingenuity the company owed every tasteful ornament. A neat camblet dress, bordered with white ribbon, was distributed to every female domestic and peasant, who had not forfeited, by misconduct, the happy distinction: the lads also received a new plaid and bonnet on the occasion, and the munificence of the generous donors was universally extolled. The enlivening bagpipe was not omitted; and the spaces between the tables were filled with those whose youth, and animated spirits, gave grace and gaiety to the dance. Among the sports of the day, archery was included; targets were placed at convenient distances, within view of the pavilion, and prizes adjudged to the most dexterous. Lady Alexina was appointed to reward the victorious, and likewise to distribute memorials suitable to the ages and pursuits of their illustrious visitors; the usual employment of Lady Alexina, who never knew an idle hour, being the execution of such fancy-work, as might be required on this annual festival. The Marquis and Monmouth, who were her esquires,

regarded

regarded her with undisguised pleasure, and lightened the fatigue of her task by their attentions. The prize for the victorious archer was a bow, with a belt and quiver, richly embroidered, and bearing as a motto, "I aim not at riches, but the applause of the virtuous;" and was displayed in the front of the pavilion to excite emulation. At an early hour, many noble guests were assembled, to be witnesses of the sports Al' fresco, and partakers of the nocturnal revels. Duncan, who acted as master of the rural ceremonies, led the archers to their measured distance. Each tried in succession: and Patty Campbell, Duncan's pretty sweetheart, pierced the second circle with her arrow. Shouts of merriment proclaimed her victorious, as nearest the mark; when a new candidate appeared in the croud, aimed carelessly at the target, but directed her arrow with unerring skill. Duncan, a little chagrined, conducted her to the pavilion, from which she would have retreated, abashed at the notice she attracted, had not the Duchess extended her hand, on recognising her young deliverer, Osborne Fitzroy. Then turning to the Duke, presented her to him with warm eulogiums on her skill and heroism. The Duke made his acknowledgments, with an air of mingled suspicion, and assumed affability; then returned to his party, but occasionally regarded the handsome cottager with astonishment and secret admiration. When Osborne received the prize from Lady Alexina, she pressed the fair hand which rewarded her, respectfully to her bosom; and all eyes were rivetted on her extraordinary and captivating figure. She was already above the middling height, and formed with the most perfect symmetry; her skin was of clear brown; and her brilliant black eye was well calculated to express every passion, of which her soul was susceptible; while her eye-brows, by being strongly and regularly marked, gave an appearance of dignity and decided character, almost premature in one of her

tender years. Her dress was that of a wood nymph; and, with the addition of the honorable badge with which Lady Alexina that day invested her, displayed her person to inimitable advantage: her long glossy hair was braided round her head in large plaits, and fastened with pearl buckles, displaying the fine turn of her neck and shoulders: her companions were apparently select, and composed of creditable villagers: she joined the dancers, and exerted herself with grace and agility, though her singular appearance at first excited general curiosity. The succession of amusements, however, diverted the attention of the visitors, and all enquiry was forgot in the hilarity of the hour. Nor was her absence noticed by the more fashionable guests within the Castle. At a seasonable hour, the pavilion was illuminated, and the rustic guests sat down to the collation; while a magnificent repast was prepared for the more vitiated palates of Fashion's votaries in the grand saloon. The dances commenced at ten; the Duchess danced the first minuet with Monmouth; Henry Clifford took the hand of Lady Georgiana Mordaunt; while Alexina was reluctantly led out by the Marquis del Varino, a particular friend of the Duke's, though little esteemed by the rest of the family. When the country dances and strathspeys commenced, Monmouth with joy received the hand of Lady Alexina; and Drelingforth perceived, to his extreme satifaction, the respectful and assiduous attention he paid to her; while he repaid the condescending favors of all the other females present, with polite indifference. The Marquis, indulging in the gaiety of his temper, exhilarated on the present occasion, became the life of the room, and distinguished his fair partner so pointedly, that whispers began to circulate, which brought a blush on her pretty cheek. The Duke was in high good humour, and did not neglect to hint to his son, that he approved his choice. The hours flew lightly till an unconscionable time, pointed out only by the unfriendly dial, warned the party to separate;

When

"When each admiring and admir'd,
"The host and guests at length retir'd."

"What say you, Monmouth?" said the Marquis to his friend, as they passed along the gallery to their bed-chambers. "The moon gives a tempting light, the forms of beauty are still flitting before my eyes, and strains of harmony sounding in my ears; in short, I am not disposed to sleep; will you sacrifice a few hours to friendship, and accompany me in a stroll round the Castle? I have several things to say to you." Monmouth assented, and they cautiously stole down the staircase; then arm in arm, commenced their ramble. The Marquis, though he had intimated that he had much to say, kept a profound silence; and Monmouth naturally taciturn, did not break it. At length, Henry exclaimed, in a tone of pleasantry, "Prithee, Monmouth, cans't tell, and truly tell, the infallible symptoms of love?" Monmouth laughed without restraint, and replied, "Upon my word, Atholston, I fancy it is a question thou art best able to resolve; for if I am not much deceived, thou art already in the power of that blind mischievous deity: blind, indeed, when he levelled his shaft at thy light, insensate heart." "Psha!" cried the Marquis, "no equivoque: after all, I would venture to swear, our philosopher has more knowledge of the subject, than his wisdom and gravity suffers him to acknowledge." "Which let me tell you, (rejoined Monmouth,) is no small proof of wisdom." "Of pride, you mean, (said Henry;) for who would wish to conceal a generous passion? Wisdom is out of the question." "It is, indeed, (returned Monmouth, smiling.) "Love and wisdom are allowed to be incompatible at our age: but, to reply to your question as well as I am able, I must observe, that various poets give to the subtle god, various forms and weapons of attack: some represent him as the dispenser of mirth and glee; he fills his votaries with jocund spirits, and they feel from his influence nothing but rapturous sensations.

sensations. Others represent him as approaching his victims with a specious, persuasive air, and a magical box, well stored with the combustibles—sentiment, sighs, and pathos, which fire the heart, and fill the brain with vapors. More like a magician than a god, instead of being blind himself, he effectually blinds others; and so bewitches them with his sorceries, that all their efforts to extricate themselves from his snares, entangle them still deeper. The unfortunate wretch, thus caught, feels an immediate languor pervade his whole frame, loss of appetite, inconsistency, a vertigo in the head, pains in the heart, and a total oblivion of every thing, but the phantom that haunts him incessantly, and an inattention to that repose which he once considered his best restorative after fatigue." "I comprehend your innuendo, though so obliquely conveyed," said the Marquis: "however, I am convinced you must have felt the passion, to describe its effects so correctly." "No, indeed, my knowledge is but that of a school-boy: I fancy my temperament is too frigid to be kindled into so fierce a flame, as that by which lovers consume their reason. Besides, as my favorite author says, 'a transient liking is often mistaken for a real passion, it being difficult to distinguish the effect of a sudden fancy, from the result of a sincere and settled affection.' With the conviction of this truth, I shall be ever cautious how I give way to the impulses of my heart; though I still believe it is possible to draw a line of distinction between that love which has sincerity for its basis, and that which is merely ideal; but I am careful, that I do not deceive myself, in endeavouring to refute the maxims of others." "You are right, my friend," said the Marquis; "but pray, now, explain to me the difference between a real and imaginary passion." Monmouth smiled at his earnestness, and replied, "By the purity of the lover's ideas, by the delicate respect he pays to the object of his love, and, in a great measure, by the merit of that object;

object; and further, by the old experiment of absence." "Well, well, (said the Marquis,) let us return; for see the sun is just rising with splendor to illumine our path, and we shall soon be exposed to the vulgar glare of day: we had better regain our chambers before the domestics are stirring, or we shall be suspected of some idle frolic."

As they hastened their steps towards the Castle, Grafton discovered, with consternation and horror, that what they had imagined to be the rising sun, was, in reality, a flame that was rapidly augmenting; and the next instant Atholston, in a voice of agony, exclaimed, "The Castle is on fire!" They ran across the grounds with the rapidity of terror; and beheld part of the family already assembled on the lawn, in a state of the wildest dismay and confusion, while one wing of the Castle was burning with fury. At sight of the Marquis and Monmouth, the Duchess exclaimed, "Thank Heaven, you are safe! Where have you left Alexina?" "We have not seen her," cried both in agony, and in an instant they flew in search of her. Monmouth rushed through the thickest smoke, and vainly explored every apartment it was possible to enter: from the situation of the fire, it was readily judged, that the dreadful accident had been caused, by the servants neglecting to extinguish the lights in the ball-room, where some of the hangings had caught fire; so frequently does a scene of festivity produce the extreme of calamity. By the exertions of the servants, the Castle engines were got ready; and in about an hour the fire seemed considerably abated. The Duchess stood the image of despair, calling on her beloved Alexina, when a cry of joy reached her ear, and life was once more restored to her, in the person of her child, by the intrepid Osborne, who, pale, breathless, and discolored with smoke, rushed towards her, and placing Alexina in her arms, sunk to the ground. The Marquis and Monmouth, who just then returned in despair, assisted

sisted to revive her; and when the total extinction of the flames allowed them to return to the habitable part of the Castle, supported her between them. "Heroic girl," cried the Duchess, surveying Osborne with rapture and astonishment, "by what miracle are you again sent to serve me?" "The miracle is but a simple one, Madam," said Osborne; "but I must ever think it owing to the benign interposition of Providence that I was enabled to preserve Lady Alexina." "Precious are the obligations I am under to you," returned the Duchess: "but say, Miss Fitzroy, to what cause can we attribute your unlooked-for presence?" Osborne appeared slightly confused, but answered, without hesitation, "Returning from the entertainment given last night, I missed the portrait of my mother, which I have hitherto, always worn suspended round my neck. I feared to acquaint her with a loss which gave me great uneasiness, and would, I knew, occasion her displeasure. The agitation of my mind prevented my sleeping, and with the first dawn of day, I stole from my bed, and retraced my steps to the Castle, carefully examining the grass, where I thought I must have dropped it while dancing. As I approached the Castle, I perceived the tremendous conflagration just bursting forth, and used all my efforts to rouse the family. I entered the gates, in hopes of rendering some service, but was bewildered in the intricate passages, of which I was totally ignorant. The most piercing shrieks from the chamber of Lady Alexina, convinced me she was yet confined, and I happily succeeded in releasing her. Need I say with what transport I restored her to your arms?" The heart of the amiable Duchess was penetrated with the most lively sentiments of gratitude. The Duke also, as if forgetting, at that moment, every thought, but that inspired by gratitude and joy, folded Osborne in his arms. He did not continue thus unreserved; his customary hauteur returned with his sense of safety,

and

and drawing a miniature from his pocket, and holding it towards her, gazed with anxiety upon her features. "If this is the portrait of your mother," said he, "I am happy in the opportunity of repaying, in some degree, the trouble you have had: chance directed my steps to the spot where you must have dropped it." Osborne caught it eagerly from his hand, and pressed it to her lips; while the Duke turned aside, to conceal an involuntary emotion; while both the Marquis and Monmouth surveyed him with inquisitiveness and surprise. Osborne seemed to shrink from the observation of the family, and begged permission to retire, alledging, that her mother would be alarmed at her stay. Monmouth insisted on conducting her home, which, after much opposition, she permitted. At parting, Lady Alexina, after reiterating the warm acknowledgments of gratitude, made a voluntary offer of her friendship; and the Duchess repeated her desire, that Osborne would become a familiar visitor at the Castle. After modestly expressing her sense of the intended honor, Osborne withdrew, attended by Monmouth; and their discourse, during their walk, turned wholly on the merits of Lady Alexina. Grafton described her with the partiality of a fond brother, and Osborne dwelt on her perfections with the enthusiasm of an ardent friend. Mrs. Fitzroy had just risen, when they returned, and had suffered much anxiety at the absence of her daughter, though ignorant of the alarming state of the inhabitants of Clifford Castle: she listened with astonishment to the recital of Monmouth, and warmly applauded the conduct of Osborne; though her praise was mixed with a degree of solicitude, for which Grafton was at a loss to account; and judging his presence a restraint, politely withdrew. "Who is that gentleman? and what led you to the Castle?" were the first questions of Mrs. Fitzroy. Osborne repeated her loss of the picture, and the subsequent particulars. Mrs. Fitzroy turned

pale. "The Duke found it, you say? Did he ask you any questions?" "None." "Did he betray any agitation?" "Upon recollection, I think he trembled, and looked earnestly at me." "My dear child, be cautious: I do not wish to restrain you from visiting at the Castle, but avoid scrutiny as much as possible; your happiness, your very life, depends on it." "Dear mother, you shock me; I will avoid them wholly, if it causes you the least concern." "Far from it, Osborne; I wish nothing more eagerly than your connection with that family; but I dare not at present explain to you the source of my hopes or fears." Osborne was so often tantalized with these evasive answers, when her strongest curiosity was excited, that she submitted in silence, and merely amused herself by conjectures; while Monmouth retraced the path to the Castle, highly pleased with the new acquaintance he had formed.

(To be continued.)

"SET THY FACE AGAINST MOUNT-SEIR."

AN honest farmer, who reads the bible every Sunday, (according to the custom of better times,) came lately to his rector, and asked him, "whether this war would go hard with the French?" The doctor said, if it pleased God, he hoped it would. "Nay," said the farmer, "I'm sure it will then; for this he declares by his prophet Ezekiel, chap. xxxv. v. 1, 2, 3. 'Son of man, set thy face against Mount-Seir.' Now my wife, who is a better scholar than I am, says this can be nothing but Mounseer, the Frenchman. And in almost the next verse it is stronger than that; for there, doctor, the prophet adds, 'O, Mount-Seir, I will make thee desolate."

EMMA;

OR,

A TALE OF WOE.

Abridged from Mrs. Crespigny's Letters to her Son, and founded on fact.

THOUGH the remorse which attends the practice of *seduction*, to minds of sensibility, is of the severest kind, yet the passions of youth, and the prevalence of fashion, reconcile even the amiable to this most cruel of all crimes. The education which is bestowed upon young men of rank and fortune, instead of teaching them that their elevated situations require that they should set an example to those who are born to an inferior state, actually seems to give a peculiar license to them, for the indulgence of those passions which it is their duty to subdue. The religion of the *great*, seems a different code of doctrines, to that which is instilled into the inferior order of mankind; an unbounded scope is given to those impetuous feelings which actually place the man upon a level with the *brute*. To deceive the innocent, to impose upon the unsuspicious, is seldom represented to them, as a crime both against religion and morality, and they are permitted to entail misery upon all the near connections of an artless young female, without being accused of having broken through laws both human and divine.

Mrs. Crespigny, in her Letters to her Son, which have recently been published, but which evidently were written several years ago, after expatiating upon the wickedness of the crime of seduction, endeavours to impress her observations upon the subject, by the following tale, which she assures him is strictly authentic; though, in delicacy to the young man's family, she has given him a fictitious name.

Mr. Abbot was the only son of a Baronet in Devonshire: Fortune had bestowed upon him wealth, Nature had blest him with parts; his person was at-

tractive, his manners were insinuating, and he possessed a susceptible heart. At a short distance from the splendid mansion of Sir James Abbot, lived the widow of a Purser in the navy, who was left in rather an embarrassed state. A lady, of the name of Benville, was god-mother to her youngest daughter, and bestowed the same pains upon her education, as if she had been her own. Miss Benville, who was many years older than the lovely Emma, felt the highest pleasure in instructing her in those accomplishments she herself had acquired; and she spent a larger portion of time with her god-mother, than she did at home. It was at this lady's house that Mr. Abbot first beheld the too attractive Emma: the desire of possessing so much perfection, fired him with delight; but to marry a girl in so inferior a situation, was too great a difficulty for pride to overcome.

As the friend of Miss Benville, he obtained an introduction to Emma's mother, who soon perceived the passion he felt for her child, and, ignorant of the world, entertained no apprehensions, but flattered herself with the hope that Emma would be his wife. The inexperienced girl was no less gratified by his attentions: her susceptible bosom soon owned him for its lord; and when he saw that his assiduities had completely engaged her affections, he made her an offer of his hand, and heart. Still, however, he informed her, that their marriage must be private, and that even her mother must not be intrusted with his design, as she might inform Sir James of his intentions, who wished him to marry a lady of rank. The indisposition of a near relation obliged the mother of Emma to leave her family; and to this unfortunate girl was instrusted the care of the house. This was a favourable event for the lover, who now had every opportunity granted him of urging his suit. In the country, he informed her, it would be impossible to keep their marriage private; but in London

it could be performed without any fear. For a considerable time she withstood all his persuasions; but at length he declared, if she persisted in her refusal, he would never behold her again. What persuasion could never obtain, the fear of losing him accomplished. In an evil hour the too credulous Emma consented to accompany him to town: he took lodgings for her in Bloomsbury, treated her with an increase of respectful attention, and resided himself at his father's house.

The marriage ceremony was delayed under various pretences; the most plausible was, the probability of obtaining his father's consent; and the youth and inexperience of this artless girl, prevented her from seeing the impropriety of her being supported by a young man. She considered herself as his *wife*, which he had so often sworn to make her; and he never attempted to infringe upon the rules which delicacy required; but at length his visits began to be less frequent, and the most poignant affliction took possession of her heart. This was an artful manœuvre, merely to rouse her apprehensions, and make her the more easy victim to his designs. At length he was absent four days from her; and when he appeared, she fainted at his sight. Of a stupifying potion he had long been in possession, to administer as occasion required. This he mixed in a glass of wine and water, and implored her to drink it, as soon as she was brought to recollection and life. Pretended indisposition was the excuse for his absence: this the too credulous Emma believed; but the powerful drug soon began to operate, and the treacherous and designing Abbot carried her to bed.

To describe the extent of her misery, when she awoke the next morning, would require the pen of a more able writer to paint: language becomes faint, in such a situation; and imagination can scarcely picture the horrors of her mind! A violent fever was the consequence of the agitation she suffered: the destroyer of her honour she refused to behold:

at length, however, he so far pleaded his excuses by letters, that he once more obtained an interview. The moment she was recovered, he protested he would marry her; but this recovery, as he expected, was tedious and slow: hope, however, again animated the heart of Emma, and she was at length enabled to quit her room.

The conflicting passions of Mr. Abbot were now put to a severe trial: his father had provided him with a wife; and the accomplished daughter of Lord Belmont possessed too many attractions for any disengaged young man to refuse. To birth and fortune, were united sense and beauty; the versatile heart of Abbot acknowledged their power; but how to get rid of the unfortunate Emma, was a difficulty not to be easily overcome. Again he determined not to visit her so frequently, conceiving that she might be induced to resent the treatment she received; when, just as she was recovering from her alarming illness, the servant informed her, an elderly gentleman requested to see her alone.

The beauty of her person, the modest diffidence of her manners, struck the venerable stranger as soon as he entered the room; and, after the usual ceremonies of a first introduction, an evident embarrassment was depictured in his face. After a silence having been observed by both the parties, and each feeling extremely confused, at length, after some hesitation, he enquired if a gentleman of the name of Abbot did not visit at the house?—

The agitation of Emma, at this unexpected question from a stranger, was strongly depictured in her expressive face, and with faultering accents she replied in the affirmative, whilst the tear of apprehension started into her eyes.

"Your appearance, Madam," said the person who had excited this emotion, "is a contradiction to the story which I have heard; yet it was communicated to me from such unquestionable authority, that, until

til I beheld you, I did not entertain a doubt. Forgive, I intreat, this apparent impertinent curiosity; and have the goodness to tell me whether Mr. Abbot ever made any professions of a *tender nature* to you."

Emma had by this time regained a sufficient degree of composure to ask by what authority he was entitled to make such a demand; for, considering him in the light of an entire stranger, she did not think he was authorized to interfere in her affairs. "I would wish to satisfy myself, without wounding your feelings, Madam," replied the stranger, in a soft but decided tone of voice; "yet, if Mr. Abbot has deceived you by professions of attachment, he is a *villain*, as he is in a few days to be united to my child. He is the betrothed husband of Lady Jane Belmont; and it is her *father* by whom you are addressed. Now, my dear young lady, I hope you will pardon my intrusion, and tell me if I can have the happiness of proving myself your friend. Abbot, surely, cannot have deceived you—if he has, he must be a villain indeed!" "Oh! yes! yes!" was all the wretched Emma could answer, at the same time bursting into a violent flood of tears. As soon as she was a little recovered from the shock this intelligence had given her, she put a variety of questions to the Earl; and the answers she received, were calculated to convince her of the baseness, and depravity, of her lover's heart.

Upon taking leave, his Lordship promised to see her again in the course of a few days; but the moment she was left alone, she formed the resolution of quitting London on the following night. Grief, despair, shame, and disappointment, by turns agitated the wretched Emma's mind: yet the fondness with which she had always been treated by her mother, convinced her, that she would still afford an asylum to her wretched and undone child. Still she wished to know whether what she had heard was authentic; for scarcely could she believe Abbot was

capable of acting so treacherous a part. The servant, however, who lived with her, knew the person of Lord Belmont; and when that was identified, she could no longer admit a doubt.

Every article of dress, which she had received from the faithless Abbot, she very properly determined to leave behind; and, after writing the following letter, which she left upon her dressing-room table, she ordered the servant to call her a hackney-coach; and, upon getting into it, informed him she should return in the course of a few hours.

To ——— ABBOT, ESQ.

"If my trembling hand will enable me to dictate —if my wretched heart does not break in the attempt to express what it feels, I will endeavour to paint its misery, and, if possible, give vent to my grief!—Oh why! Mr. Abbot, was I so cruelly sacrificed, to gratify a transient passion, which has reduced me to the most deplorable state? Why did you deceive me? Why did you degrade me under the false promises of making me your wife? Heaven only knows what I have suffered for you—Oh! most cruel, most treacherous and unkind! to what an humiliating state have you reduced me!—Yet how often have you sworn I was your pride and your delight! You are betrothed to a rich heiress!—Ah! lost and undone Emma! Yet who could have believed professions like *yours*, were only intended to deceive? I will fly from your presence; I will seek consolation from my poor mother: but will not the misery I have brought upon her, prove a death-stroke to her peace! Wretched, forlorn Emma! Oh! where shall she seek for shelter, when that moment arrives which she dare not name!—May the grave conceal the disgrace that awaits her!—Oh, Abbot! once adored Abbot, where shall I conceal my shame? Never more will I write—never more behold the author of my

my ruin.—Yet may you repent—May Heaven forgive your crimes! These are the last lines you will ever receive from the lost Emma—the last proof you will ever receive of the anguish of her heart!

"EMMA."

With a heart overwhelmed with affliction, and a body incapable of sustaining fatigue, Emma ordered the hackney-coachman to drive into the city, and found a vacant place in the stage. Recovering, as she was, from a dangerous disorder, which for several months had confined her to the house, how unequal was she to bear so extensive a journey—how incapable of travelling for two or three nights together! Overcome by fatigue, and overwhelmed by the sense of her misfortunes, when she arrived within one stage of the asylum she sought, she was unable to proceed. On the following day, however, she found herself rather better, and determined to avail herself of a return post-chaise. As she drew near the scenes of her former innocence, a variety of conflicting emotions agonized her mind. The reflection of what she had been, contrasted with her present situation, was too much for her enfeebled form to sustain; and she sunk into a kind of mental stupefaction, from which she was aroused by the overturning of the chaise. A waggon had driven against the vehicle, and shattered it so much, that it was not possible for it to proceed. She was little more than a mile from the abode of her parent, and she fancied herself able to reach it on foot. Nature, exhausted by fatigue and anguish, incapacitated her for the attempt—Her head grew giddy—her knees trembled—and before she had walked the distance of half a mile, she fell!

How long she remained in that state of insensibility, is a circumstance totally unknown. She was discovered, however, by a labouring man who knew her, and by the assistance of himself and a companion,

nion, carried apparently lifeless home. The anguish of her mother may be easily imagined, though it must have been too poignant for the power of language to describe. Scarcely was she placed in bed, when the premature pains of approaching labour restored a transient degree of recollection to her mind. Still she was not sufficiently collected to answer those interrogations which maternal solicitude naturally made; and a few hours after the birth of her unfortunate infant, she became completely delirious; and expired, calling upon her faithless lover's name.

It is necessary now to return to the treacherous being who had deprived Emma of her innocence, and was the means of shortening her life; who, at the time of Lord Belmont's visit, happened to be from London, and did not return for two or three days. Though, in compliance with his father's persuasions, he had consented to marry Lady Jane Belmont, yet his heart acknowledged the lovely Emma's prior claim; and remorse for the past, embittered his future prospects, and rendered him insensible to the attractions of his intended wife. The moment he arrived in London, he flew to Emma's lodgings; but what were his sensations, when he heard she had been absent some days! With phrenzy in his countenance, he rushed into her apartment, where the letter, which she addressed to him, was presented to his sight. Breathless, he threw himself upon a sofa, where he remained some moments, without daring to break the seal: his foreboding heart anticipated the anguish it would occasion him, and he had neither courage or fortitude enough to read it.

His cup of misery was full—Remorse and horror, overwhelmed him—tears of penitence and sorrow, streamed from his eyes. At length starting from his seat with wildness in his countenance, he hurried down stairs, and darted into the street. Upon arriving at his father's, in an eager accent, he desired his carriage instantly to be brought to the door; and abruptly

abruptly entering the library, he there beheld his intended father-in-law. His countenance bespoke the internal state of his feelings. "Lord Belmont," said he, "I am a villain! I have deceived Lady Jane. Never can I ratify my engagement with your daughter—I am unworthy the honor of being your son."

"I never intend you shall," replied his Lordship sternly: "And I have just been imparting my resolution to Sir James." He was prevented from saying more upon the subject, by the object of his displeasure hurrying out of the room. The alarmed Baronet instantly followed him; and in the gentlest terms requested to know the cause of his grief. From Lord Belmont's account of Emma, he conjectured she was connected with it, and he demanded where he was going, upon seeing the chaise.

"Into Devonshire, Sir," replied the agitated Abbot, "to the most *injured* and most *beloved* of her sex." "I will go likewise, then," said this affectionate father. "Not with me," rejoined his son; "for I will not wait for any man." Sir James, terrified by this unusual behaviour, enquired whether he could do any thing to relieve the perturbation of his mind. "Yes!" replied the agitated Abbot: "promise me, that you will receive the lovely Emma as *your child*." "What is it you mean?" enquired the still more alarmed parent. "That I am a *villain*; and that my Emma is the most injured of her sex."

The hurried manner in which he spoke, and the violence of his agitation, excited the most alarming apprehensions in Sir James; and Lady Abbot and himself, determined to follow the object of their affection into the country, though they could not travel with quite so much haste. The too late repentant Abbot scarcely took any refreshment from the moment he got into the chaise, but pursued his route without stopping, except by an accident which occurred to his chaise. Upon arriving at his father's seat, he descended from the carriage. Alarm and

apprehension

apprehension was depictured in his face; he ran, or rather flew, to the hapless Emma's dwelling, and, without even knocking at the door, presented himself before her mother and sister, the latter of whom was sitting with an infant in her lap. The former fainted the moment she beheld him; whilst the sister of the departed Emma reproached him with his various crimes.—"Whose child is that?" enquired he, without attending to the accusation; and, upon hearing it was Emma's, "Oh where, (said he,) where is my beloved wife?" Upon being informed, in the next room, he impatiently darted into it.—But what a scene was presented to his astonished eyes!—The hapless Emma lay stretched upon her death-bed, and totally insensible to the sound of his voice!

"Oh, God! what do I behold!" exclaimed the frantic Abbot. "Emma! My Emma! thou canst not be dead!—Yes, cold!—Icy cold!"—throwing himself beside her:—"And murdered by the wretch to whose protection she fled!—Oh! my full heart—which feels bursting with misery!—Oh, my distracted brain, which feels as if on fire!—This is *horror!*—This is *wretchedness*—too poignant for human nature to bear!" So saying, he darted out of the apartment, and entered that in which he had at first beheld his child, and snatching it out of the arms of Emma's sister, he pressed it to his bosom, and rushed out of the house.

Sir James and Lady Abbot at that moment arrived at their mansion, for they had followed their son with the utmost speed, who had been delayed upon the road four or five hours, in consequence of having broke the wheel of his chaise. With the infant in his arms, he entered the apartment where his parents were sitting. Phrenzy and despair were depictured upon his face; with tottering steps he approached them, and dropped apparently senseless at their feet! A fever ensued of the most violent nature: for several months his intellects were deranged. At the expiration of that time, Reason again asserted her

her dominion over him, and he requested to know every circumstance that had passed. Of the death of Emma, he had a confused recollection; but he had wholly forgotten every thing respecting her child; and the moment he found it was still in existence, he would hardly have patience until it could be brought to his arms. With all the feelings of a parent, he gazed upon its innocent countenance. "Image of my lost Emma," said he, "we are destined to part!—But, oh! my beloved mother, if ever I was dear to you, promise me to love this little angel as you once did your son! At this awful moment, I commit her to your protection. Instil into her breast the love of virtue; teach her true piety, and rectitude of mind; and let principle be the guide of her actions. But, above all, guard her against the folly of family pride! This has been the bane of her father's happiness—the indirect cause of her beloved mother's death! But I feel my fault—I am truly penitent for my transgressions—and hope for forgiveness through the mediation of Christ!—Oh my child!" continued he, bathing its face with tears of penitence, and pressing it with fondness to his palpitating heart, "May'st thou live to supply my place to my mother! May thy infantine caresses comfort her for the loss of her son!" His agitation became violent; his breathing grew shorter, and he soon sunk into a torpor, which terminated his life.

It is impossible to peruse the fate of the unfortunate Emma, with a mind unagitated, or a heart unmoved; yet the unprejudiced reader must allow, that though amiable, she was *culpable*, in suffering herself to be persuaded to leave her home. Spotless as was her mind, she must have been totally ignorant of all propriety, in permitting herself to be supported in lodgings by a young man; and though doubtless she knew but little of the world, yet her education must have been shamefully neglected, if she did not know that, by putting herself under the protection of her lover, she was exposing herself to the censures of the prudent and circumspect.

ON SCHOLARSHIP, OR LEARNING.

SCHOLARSHIP, or learning, is perpetually rung in our ears as the *summum bonum*, the one thing necessary to man. To say of a person, that he is a great scholar, seems to imply every kind of superiority; to say he is no scholar, just the contrary. But I confess, that, after much reflection, and much enquiry, I am yet at a loss to comprehend this mighty advantage of scholarship. Some advantage to be sure it has; but, perhaps, not always to minds of the first class: it sometimes prevents the excursions of a vigorous understanding, by keeping it in a beaten track: it perpetuates error, by imposing received opinions upon those who, if they had begun the enquiry, would have discovered truth: it divides the attention, and sometimes fixes it to subjects which are not suited to that particular genius, and turn of mind, which Nature would have exerted upon some other, the object of her own choice, with infinite advantage: by loading the memory, it restrains imagination; and by multiplying precepts, it anticipates the judgment. Give me the man whose knowledge is derived from the copious source of his own reason; whose mind is filled with ideas that sprung not from books, but thought; whose principles are consistent, because deduced in a regular series from each other, and not scraps of different systems gleaned from the works of others, and huddled together without examining their incongruity. Where is the scholar whose opinion is entirely his own? and where is the genius* whom we wish to have known the opinions of others? Are we sure that Shakespear would have been the wonder he was, had he been *a deep scholar?*

A.

* The celebrated rural Poem, entitled "THE FARMER'S BOY," written by Mr. ROBERT BLOOMFIELD, which, though simply natural, is beautifully picturesque, and, if not sublimely, most chastely, descriptive, is a striking instance of what may be accomplished by an excursive genius, unaided by a scholastic education.

BENEVOLENT RAMBLES:

OR,

THE HISTORY OF SENTONIUS.

(Continued from page 121.)

"REPREHENSIBLE as your conduct has been, (replied Sentonius,) yet, as the contrition you feel, appears to be sincere, my heart is too much inclined to pardon the imperfections of human nature, for me ever to attempt crushing the bruised reed. But, alas! I fear, your repentance will avail but little: the misfortune under which the object of your affection labours, has taken too deep a root; the very mention of your name excites an indescribable emotion; but it is difficult to say whether it is the effect of abhorrence, or love."

"Tell me not that she hates me! (exclaimed the tortured Frederick;) the very idea of losing her affection, I cannot, cannot bear. Let me implore you then, by every motive of humanity, to endeavour to make Sophia sensible of the anguish and remorse which I endure. Tell her, that if she will but admit me to her presence, I will watch over her as her guardian angel, until Heaven, in pity to my prayers, restores her wandering thoughts: I will protect her from those dangers with which she imagines herself surrounded, and bathe her favourite dove with my tears. Tell her, that even my mother is anxious to be restored to her affection, and with open arms will receive her as her child: the apartments she once occupied are ready for her reception; and the first physicians in London shall attend her when she arrives."

The most unfeigned grief was depictured on his countenance; his voice faultered, and his expressive eyes were filled with tears: the sympathetic heart of Sentonius caught the tender infection, and

he promised to fulfil the repentant Frederick's desires. They conversed some time longer upon this interesting subject, when Sentonius agreed to go immediately to Sophia's mother's house. They walked over two fields together, and I, at a distance, pursued the same path. When they came within sight of this ill-fated girl's humble dwelling, Frederick and my friend agreed to part; but were prevented from fulfilling their purpose, by hearing a peasant loudly vociferate, "A rope! a rope! Poor Sophia has fallen into the river! (continued he, half breathless with terror.) For God's sake run, if you can swim!" So saying, he darted forward, repeating, as he went, "A rope! a rope!" Frederick bounded over a hedge that divided us from the field, through which the river meandered. Sentonius and myself, not being so young, were obliged to go round. The stream was running very rapid, as the millers were working an adjoining mill. The hat of Frederick was swimming on the water; and as we neither saw him, nor the object he was so anxious to preserve, our hearts were appalled with terror and apprehension; but, before we could express our fears, we beheld him emerge. At the very instant he arose, the worthy fellow, who had appeared so much interested in the fate of the unfortunate Sophia, returned, accompanied by two or three of his companions who were able to swim, and stripping off their heavy jackets, they hastily precipitated themselves into the stream. "Am I near the spot where she fell in?" enquired the anxious Frederick, observing the man who had communicated to us the dreadful news. "No; it was higher up, (he replied;) and if you swim any further, you will get into the current of the mill." He instantly turned, and again dived to the bottom; and in a few seconds we beheld his hand extended, grasping something white; but, either from the force of the stream, or from his strength being exhausted, he vanished before we had time

time to express our delight. The men fortunately saw him at the same instant: the one brought up Sophia, and the other him, in their arms. Sentonius and myself caught hold of a willow, and assisted them in placing their burdens upon land. Frederick, who was merely exhausted by apprehension and exertion, revived in a short time after he was laid upon the shore; but the moment I beheld the form of the poor maniac, I was persuaded that her spotless spirit had fled. Sentonius, who always carried a lancet in his pocket, instantly tied up the luckless girl's arm; but the current of life had stopped for ever, and not a drop of blood issued from her veins! We conveyed her to a cottage not a hundred yards distant, and sent for the first medical advice; but, after persevering for two hours in the measures recommended by the Humane Society, we could not observe the slightest symptom of life.

The frantic Frederick, in spite of our persuasions, would not even suffer himself to be undrest; and believing his very existence depended upon his situation, I sent a messenger to Mrs. Babbington, to inform her what had occurred. A melancholy story seldom loses by relating: the messenger whom I had deputed to summon the mother of Frederick, arrived breathless at the hall, and seeing her at that moment descend from her carriage, exclaimed, "Oh, Madam! Madam! Mr. Frederick is just drowned!" Mrs. Babbington, not supposing that *just drowned*, meant to imply that he had narrowly escaped that misfortune, naturally conceived her beloved son was dead; and, frantic with grief, desired her informant to conduct her to the spot where the calamity had occurred.

With a countenance, in which horror and despair were strongly delineated, the agonized mother entered the room, exclaiming, in a voice almost stifled by emotion, "Where, Oh where! is my dear son?" Frederick, who was still kneeling by the lifeless bo-

dy of Sophia, and bathing her clay-cold hands with tears, roused by the voice of his disconsolate mother, rushed forward, and caught her in his arms. A shriek the most penetrable that mortal ever uttered, at that moment saluted my ears, occasioned by a combination of feelings too exquisite for the power of language to describe. Encircled by those arms which she had believed to have been lifeless, yet chilled by the drops which were dripping from his clothes, can imagination conceive a situation more agitating than that to which this unfortunate parent was exposed? "Do you live—my beloved Frederick? —Has Heaven, in mercy, spared you? (said the agonized Mrs. Babbington, falling upon her knees.) "Oh, almighty God, (continued she,) make me grateful for thy protecting providence! How should I have survived the death of my darling son!"

Frederick made no reply to this spontaneous effusion of affection, but taking the hand of his mother, drew her towards the bed, saying, "Do you see that angelic form? Heaven will make us atone for her murder; yes! her blood will cry loudly for vengeance from the grave!" then striking his head with frantic desperation, he threw himself by the side of the being whose loss he deplored. A few words were sufficient to make Mrs. Babbington acquainted with the particulars of the melancholy event which had happened; and I then thought it necessary to state to her, the fears I entertained for the life of her son. Neither tears or persuasions could induce him either to leave the body, or consent to have off his clothes; but at length he yielded to our intreaties, on condition that the body of Sophia should be conveyed to the Hall. Sentonius proposed remaining by the side of it, until a shell could be prepared; but Frederick protested he would not move, unless it was wrapped in a blanket, and was placed by the side of him in the carriage. As his existence depended upon changing his apparel, and being put immediately

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to bed, we found it necessary to comply with his intreaties; and in the manner he had directed, the poor Sophia was removed.

Sentonius was too much absorbed in the scene which surrounded him, to pay the slightest attention to me; but, considering himself as talking to an entire stranger, he requested me to accompany Frederick home; telling me, that he was going in search of Sophia's parents, who were gone to purchase a few necessary articles at a neighbouring town. Upon entering the carriage, Mrs Babbington ordered the coachman to drive to the Hall with the utmost speed; but this command was contradicted by Frederick, who insisted upon his not going faster than a hearse. When we arrived at the Hall, he absolutely insisted upon the lifeless body being carried into his room; but to this the surgeon who had accompanied us peremptorily objected; and declared, that unless it was placed in another apartment, her parents should send for it home. The dread of being deprived of the only consolation which was left him, after much persuasion, induced him to comply: he consented to go to bed, and to follow the directions which Mr. Darwin prescribed. Scarcely was he undrest, when he fell into a quiet slumber; but his sleep soon appeared disturbed, and the pallid hue of his countenance was succeeded by an alarming crimson flush: his pulse became strong, his respiration difficult; notwithstanding which, he continued to sleep, which his mother fancied a most favorable symptom: but Mr. Darwin's countenance told me there was every thing to fear.

It is the peculiar effect of misfortune to banish formality, and to place strangers upon the intimacy of friends. The little attentions which I had paid the unfortunate Frederick, made his mother consider me in that light. Upon my offering to take leave, she implored me not to quit her: with this request I readily complied, expecting every moment the arrival of poor Sophia's parents, who, I naturally concluded,

would be anxious to behold their departed child. In this idea, I was not mistaken; and a more affecting scene never was beheld. I was compelled, however, to leave them, and hasten to Frederick's apartment, who, upon waking from his uneasy slumbers, had rushed out of bed. It was with the utmost difficulty that four of us could reinstate him in it: his fever every hour increasing, two of the most eminent physicians were sent for, who scarcely gave any hopes of his life. A strong constitution, however, aided by the skill which was exerted, abated the violence of the disorder in the course of ten days; and during that period I attended the melancholy procession, and saw the body of the ill-fated Sophia laid in the silent grave. Of this melancholy ceremony, the worthy Sentonius had the entire direction; for he would not permit Mrs. Babbington to interfere, so much was he exasperated against her, for the manner in which she had conducted herself to the being, whom she had promised to treat with the same fondness, as if she had been her child. Twelve young women were selected by Sentonius to attend the object of his compassion to the grave; six of whom, with small baskets, strewed flowers before the procession; whilst the other six held up the pall. Instead of the usual custom of chaunting an hymn over the body, the following lines, composed by Sentonius, were sung; and the effect which they produced upon every person present, it would be difficult to describe.

See the beauteous lily bending,
Lowly falls its drooping head;
When the eastern blasts descending,
Blight it on its natal bed.

Transported to a clime more genial,
Brighter shall its buds now blow;
Ever fragrant, and perennial,
Shall the tender flow'ret grow.

Choirs of seraphs wait to greet it,
And conduct it through the air,
Where no stormy blast shall meet it;
Soft the zephyrs which blow there!—

Hark!

Hark! the lute and lyre are sounding!
Angels hail its glorious flight!
Bliss supreme, and joys abounding,
See—it soars to realms of light!

As soon as the mournful ceremony was ended, Sentonius bade adieu to poor Sophia's friends; but not, I believe, until he had bestowed upon them the whole contents of his purse. The moment Frederick was pronounced out of immmediate danger, I likewise resolved to depart; and calling upon my friend a few days afterwards, I found he had not discovered me through my disguise. I confess I was astonished at this circumstance, as I had merely blackened my eye-brows, and put on a dark wig; but he was too much occupied in the melancholy scene which surrounded him, to pay any attention to those whom he believed unconcerned. A certain portion of his income, as I before observed, was devoted to charitable purposes; he took his benevolent rambles about once in two months; and though my first accompaniment had been attended with such melancholy circumstances, I resolved to attend him the next excursion that he made.

I frequently sent to the Hall to enquire after Frederick: the accounts which I received were, that he continued very weak; and about a month after the death of poor Sophia, Mrs. Babbington entreated to see me without delay. I found this unfortunate mother overwhelmed with apprehension; the object of her affection had been seized with a spitting of blood; and though the physicians had ordered him immediately to Bristol, neither prayers, or entreaties, could induce him to move. It was to entreat me to urge the necessity of this measure, that I received a summons to the Hall. I requested she would not accompany me to her son's apartment, but allow me to urge my reasons alone. Having merely understood from his servant, that this now pitiable young man was in a weak condition, how were my feelings shocked,

shocked, at beholding the mere shadow of his former self! and though a faint hectic glow animated his features, yet infancy itself appeared endowed with as much strength. Upon seeing me enter, he stretched out his emaciated hand towards me, which represented that of a skeleton covered with skin: his respiration was so short, that it was with the utmost difficulty he could tell me, he considered my visit both friendly and kind.

Stranger, as I was to him, until the melancholy event which introduced us to each other's acquaintance, I could not behold a young man, in the prime of life, almost expiring before me, unmoved; and, to conceal the agitation it created, I was forced to walk to the farther end of the room. Recovering myself in a few moments, I said, "Your physician informs me, he has recommended change of air; and is of opinion, that the Bristol waters will produce the most salutary effect upon your health." A Lethean spring, my dear Sir, alone could restore me: the complaint under which I labour, alas! is seated here." As he said this, he pointed to his bosom, and his languid eyes were suffused in tears.

"For your mother's sake, my dear fellow, (I replied, in a tender accent,) let me conjure you to follow whatever directions are prescribed; her very existence appears to depend upon your recovery; you have youth, and a good constitution, on your side." "Remorse (said he) will destroy the strongest constitution. Can I ever forget the treacherous part I have performed? Have I not been the murderer of my Sophia? and can I ever expect to enjoy another moment of peace? Angel of purity! (he continued, raising his eyes to Heaven,) will you plead for pardon of my offences at the throne of grace? Yes! well do I know the generosity of thy nature. In the realms of everlasting bliss, where my Sophia is an inhabitant, I can at this moment fancy I see her, imploring forgiveness for my crimes. Oh, Mr. D——, she was all perfection; yet this divine creature

ture I was too proud to make my wife! Curse on those prejudices instilled by my education. Ought I not to have known, that the mind of Sophia was a treasure in itself? Why did my mother associate us from childhood? Would not the most undiscerning have foreseen the event? Yet, let me not condemn the author of my existence: myself alone am the person to be blamed: did I not plan the destruction of innocence? and can a wretch so abandoned hope to be saved?"

I easily perceived that mental anguish occasioned bodily suffering; and felt persuaded that Bristol waters could never promote a cure: I therefore said every thing in my power to mitigate his affliction, and sooth the poignancy of the sorrows he endured. Still, as I had promised his mother to urge the necessity of complying with the advice he had received, as soon as I saw him composed, I again reverted to the subject; but he stopped me by saying, he was resolved to *die at home.* "If (said he) I did not consider death as a *blessing*, I would do every thing to preserve existence, which my physicians prescribe; but I feel within myself, that amendment is impossible; and why should I suffer the fatigue of a journey merely to die? If I was to consent to the persuasions of my mother, it is even doubtful whether I should live until I arrived. I enjoy a secret satisfaction in being near the lifeless form of my Sophia; and in my will I have requested to be buried by her side!"

Here a violent fit of coughing prevented him from proceeding, which, without intermission, lasted near an hour: during that period I actually apprehended every moment that he would expire. As soon as he had a little recovered from the violence of this exertion, I descended to the apartment where I had left Mrs. B—— "Well, my dear Sir, (said she,) have you succeeded? What do you think of my beloved boy?" "The opinion of the physicians, Madam, (I replied,) ought alone to be relied upon; I have not

not been much accustomed to the sick, and I grieve to tell you, that to *me*, he appears alarmingly ill."

"Great God in mercy spare his life to me!" she exclaimed, in a voice almost choaked by tears; at the same time raising her streaming eyes to heaven, and fervently clasping her hands. One of the physicians at that moment entered. Mrs. Babbington was too much agitated to accompany him to the sick man's room; I therefore resolved to follow him, to know whether his opinion coincided with my own. "We will think no more of Bristol, (said he, as he closed the door of the apartment;) this melancholy scene will soon be over: I never yet saw the ravages of a consumption so rapid; it is impossible for him to live a week."

The countenance of Dr. Burrard betrayed his sentiments. "Doctor, (said the agonized mother,) you have found my Frederick worse! What is to be done? He will not go to Bristol. For Heaven's sake, let me send for farther advice." "Send for whom you please, my dear Mrs. Babbington, (replied the worthy man, taking her tenderly by the hand;) but human skill cannot act in opposition to the will of the Almighty: the life which he gave, he has a right to recal!"

This was sufficient to convince the wretched mother, that all hopes of preserving the life of her son were at an end. Mr. Darwin, the apothecary, a few minutes afterwards, made his appearance; to him the anxious parent applied: "Oh! (exclaimed she,) in pity to the anguish of a mother, let me conjure you to preserve the life of my child!" "Compose yourself, my dear Madam, (said this humane disciple of Galen;) for the slightest agitation will prove immediate death to your son." "Death!" she re-echoed, in terrified accents. "Yes, (he replied;) for he is again seized with a spitting of blood." It was with the utmost difficulty we could prevent her from rushing into the apartment. At length, however, she became calm, and shed a copious flood of tears.

tears. Business of importance compelled me to leave her; but I promised to return on the following morning. The first thing that struck me, upon entering the avenue, was Ferderick's chamber windows perfectly unclosed, whilst the rest in the house bore gloomy testimony of the melancholy event which had occurred!

"It is all over, Sir! (said the porter, in mournful accents, as he opened the door to let me in:) "little did I think that poor old Peter would ever have lived to see this melancholy day! Five-and-twenty years, next Candlemas, have I, your Honor, lived at the Hall; and it's one-and-twenty years come next Shrove Tuesday, since our dear young Squire was born. All the *sarvants*, Sir, were reckoning of its coming round again; for Madam promised us all a *grand treat;* but God knows, our joy will be turned into sorrow; and all our pleasure will be buried in the grave!"

Whilst Peter uttered this mournful apostrophe, the big drops of sorrow rolled down his furrowed cheeks; and I found my heart so completely softened by them, that, without even enquiring for Mrs. Babbington, I hastily returned. Upon sending my servant in the evening, I was informed that her brother and sister had arrived from London; I therefore determined not to intrude upon the first emotions of grief, knowing that the sympathy offered by a mere stranger, can afford but little consolation to a wounded heart.

Humane, as is the breast of the benevolent Sentonius, yet, to my astonishment, he seemed to feel but little for what this unfortunate parent endured; for the harshness with which she had treated the amiable Sophia, had made an indelible impression upon his heart. "Severely (said he) has she been punished for that blind credulity, which led her to condemn innocence unheard: and it is to her erroneous method of education, that I in a great measure attribute the imperfections of her son."

(To be continued.)

*A LETTER**

From the celebrated MR. CHEEKE, 1549, *to* MRS. PENELOPE PIE, *Daughter of* SIR WILLIAM PIE.

[From the Nugæ Antiquæ.]

MRS. PENELOPE,

(For that very name we think to be most pleasing to you, as containing in itself many sweet comforts, and many good lessons,)

THE love that we had to your father, the trust that he had in us, and the hope that we have of you, with our desire to continue that love, to answer that trust, and to see fruit of that hope, have moved us to leave you thus much of our meaning in writing; whereof to you this is the advantage, more than of speech, that by reading, you may hear it as oft as you will; to the end that you may imprint it as deep as you shall have cause, and remember it as long as it may do you good. Of your good acceptation and appliance, we have as much trust, as we have of your wisdom to profit yourself.

You are to have in mind whose you are: first, the child of God; secondly, the daughter of Sir William Pie; thirdly, the charge of your father's friends. Each of these respects hath sundry considerations, both of comforts and helps that they minister, of duties that they lay upon you, and of means and orders how to use them.

In that you pertain to God, these be your comforts, that He is able to defend you and uphold you; that His purpose of preserving you is constant, and from eternitie; that His foresight for you cannot be deceived; that His care for you never ceaseth; that His promises are infallible; and that whatsoever happeneth is by His ordinance: which, however it seemeth

* For the sake of our younger readers, the spelling is much modernized.

seemeth to sense, is, indeed, good for you, being His; that He shall continually guide you, He shall prosperously bless you, He shall eternally save you.

Your duties to Him are, that you depend wholly upon Him, that you have full faith and affiance in Him; that you reverently love Him; that you lovingly fear Him; that you honor Him, and frame yourself as He Himself hath appointed; that you make His commandments the rule of your life, and charity the mark that you are His.

The means of attaining and using these, stand, in hearing the word of God, in prayer, and in order of conversation.

In hearing the word of God, whether it be by the voice of others pronouncing, or by yourself reading, you are ever to think that God speaketh to you. In prayer, either public or private, you are to remember that you speak to God. In conversation, either open or secret, in close place, or in hidden thought, you are not to forget that you walk in the eye and sight of God. In hearing God speak to you in His word, know, that He speaketh that made you, that seeth you, that shall judge you, that hath power to damn and save you; whose word is, to the believing and obedient, the *savour of life unto life;* but to the unbelieving and disobedient, it is the *savour of death unto death;* therefore hear it humbly, and with reverence. Know, that He speaketh to you that loved you, that chose you, that adopted you, that redeemed you, that preserveth you daily, and will save you for ever; therefore hear it with love and joyfulness. Know, that He speaketh to you that is perfectly wise, infallibly true, and unchangeably constant; therefore hear it with heedfulness, belief, and assurance. Know, that He speaketh, that will have account how you heard Him; therefore hear it with care, that you may receive it with fruit. This, that you may well do, do it often, and with diligence.

In prayer when you speak to God, know that you have attained the honor to be admitted to the presence and speech of the unspeakable Majesty, infinitely passing the highest princes; therefore pray with humbleness. Know, that you speak to your Father that loveth you, to Him that calleth you, to Him that hath promised to hear you, to Him that joyeth in hearing you; therefore, pray with love and confidence. Know, that you speak to Him that understandeth the bottom of your heart, and regardeth none but hearty prayer; pray, therefore, with a clean heart, which He seeth; with a true, unfeigned heart, which He understandeth; with a loving heart, which He embraceth; with a bold assured heart, which He encourageth; and with a whole heart, which He challengeth.

In your conversation, know, that it extendeth to God, to yourself, and to others: to God, in the rules of religion; to yourself, in the precepts of virtue; to others, in the duties of obedience, kindness, truth, and charity.

Of religion you are to keep those rules, that God, in His own word, hath delivered; knowing that none other can please God; and therein remember a wise and godly saying of your late natural father, who heartily wished, that, without spending time in variance of questions, the people might be diligently instructed in two things:—The one, of sufficiency of salvation by Christ alone; the other, the sufficiency of doctrine in the only word of God.

Of virtue in yourself, the perfect rule is to obey the commandments of God; for, as the breach of His will alone, is sin, so the following only thereof is virtue; therefore, let that be your general care, to live according to your calling; that is, according to His will that called you in his grace; and according to your own vow and promise that you professed in your baptism; and, for particular respect that you are a woman, remember, that as justice and fortitude

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are the more proper virtues of men, and the greater shame for men to lack them; so, chastity, shamefacedness, and temperance, are the more peculiar virtues of women, and the greater shame for women to offend therein.

Prudence is more common to both; yet, in execution toward others, and in public exercise, more pertaining to men; but, in government of themselves, and in affairs at home, it is as much belonging to women. But in this whole part of your life that concerneth the rule of yourself, have ever before your own eyes, that you stand before the eyes of God, His angels, saints, and amongst those also, your father: whatsoever, therefore, you shall do, know there is no place secret; and, for the doing of whatsoever thing you will flee the sight of men, remember yet that God, His angels, saints, and your father, look upon you, and the day shall come, when all Heaven and Hell shall see it. And now and then call to mind, that one of the greatest pains in hell is shame, when secret thoughts shall be open. And that therefore David so often prayeth to be preserved from confusion and shame, and pronounceth him *blessed whose sins are hidden.* But, for the hiding of sins, there is no covering but God's mercy; and the mercy of God, as it is gotten with humble repentance, and true faith, so is it lost by desperation, and driven away by presumption. Of your behaviour towards others, of which all above you are comprised in the name of father, and all equal and inferior to you in the names of brother and neighbour, remember these three rules. For your superiors; that to them you be such, as you would your children and inferiors should be to you: for your equals and inferiors, that in justice you do as you would be done unto: and in charity, you keep Christ's rule, *to love them as yourself*; not forgetting, that, in the poor is imputed the person of Christ himself.

Now, for the respect that you are the daughter of your late father, these things you are to remember; what he was to the consideration of others, and what he was to you. Hereof your comforts are these; that he was a noble gentleman, wise, of honorable mind, endowed with many singular ornaments, dearly beloved of many and the best sort, and to yourself most natural and loving.

The duties wherewith these respects burden you, are, that you remember his nobleness and virtues, and, therefore, that you endeavour to be no stain to his worthiness, and no blemish to yourself in not approaching to likeness of him, whose nearness to you, in nature and truth, will be most judged by your resemblance of him in virtue and deserving. You are to remember he was wise; you must therefore be careful that you discredit not his last work of wisdom, in leaving his worldly things to you, as one upon whom they should be well bestowed, and by whom they should be well used, while he passed by others, whom the ordinary course of law had set before you. You are to remember how dearly he loved you; and therefore you may not forget his kindness, but naturally requite it by following his precepts, and in honoring his name by your well doing, that you may every way be truly said to be the daughter of Sir William Pie, to his praise and good memory, and not to his discredit and infamy.

The means for you to honor your father, are, that yourself deserve honor by virtue; for, as you have succeeded in his place, and thereby (after a sort) do bear his person so, the praise, or dispraise, of your good or ill doing shall redound to you both. Remember to whom he left you, how he left you, and with what conditions. If you be wisely governed, you are a woman of great value, and largely advanced; if not, a poor maid, and fallen from much, which is worse than if you had never had it. In all your doings, therefore, and in all advices, either given you by others, or conceived by yourself, cast this

this in your mind, to think what your father would have liked, if he had lived.

Now, touching your father's friends and yours, whose charge you are by commission; and all his, and your other friends whose care you are, for love to him; these are your comforts: your father was much beloved, and therefore you have many friends; your father was a lover of true religion, and therefore you have Christian friends; your father was a true friend, and therefore you have assured friends; your father was a wise man, and therefore you have well chosen friends: good friends are great treasures.

(To be continued.)

PUBLIC AMUSEMENTS.

DRURY LANE.

February 7th, 1804.

A NEW Comedy, intitled *The Soldier's Daughter*, was to-night brought out at this Theatre. The characters were thus represented:

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Governor Heartall, - -	Mr. Dowton.
Frank Heartall, - - -	Mr. Bannister, jun.
Malfort, sen. - - -	Mr. Powell.
Malfort, jun. - - -	Mr. Pope.
Captain Woodley, - -	Mr. Russel.
Mr. Ferret, - - - -	Mr. Palmer.
Simon, - - - - - -	Mr. Caulfield.
Timothy Quaint, - -	Mr. Collins.
William, - - - - -	Mr. Chatterly.
Tom, - - - - - - -	Mr. Webb.
Footman, - - - - -	Mr. Evans.
The Widow Cheerly, -	Mrs. Jordan.
Mrs. Malfort, - - -	Mrs. Young.
Julia, - - - - - -	Miss. H. Kelly.
Mrs. Fidget, - - - -	Mrs. Sparks.
Mrs. Townly, - - -	Mrs. Maddocks.
Susan, - - - - - -	Mrs. Scott.

The following is the story of the play:

At the commencement of the Comedy, we find *Malfort*, senior, has been for several years in the East Indies, having left his only son behind in England to settle some family affairs, and to follow with all convenient speed. On his departure, the younger *Malfort* launches into all the pleasures of the town; marries the daughter of a city banker; enters into partnership with his brother; and, from neglect, and unlucky speculation, bankruptcy proves to be the issue of this imprudent connection. The younger *Malfort*, fearful to disclose his marriage and distresses to his father, is now reduced to the bitterest want, and, with his amiable wife, and only child, are lodged in humble apartments in Jermyn-street; in which house a young and wealthy widow from the country, occupies the principal suite of rooms; who, for the first time, has visited London, under the immediate protection of *Mr. Ferret*, who is also factor in England for the elder *Malfort*. *Frank Heartall*, a young merchant, of a benevolent but volatile disposition, is captivated by the widow at the Opera, and determines to find out who and what she is: he traces her to her lodging, and, in his endeavours to procure an interview with her, encounters *Julia*, the child of *Malfort*, who artlessly conducts him to her mother, whom he perceives under circumstances of peculiar affliction. This interview is interrupted by the entrance of *Malfort*, to whom *Heartall* apologises for his intrusion, and, affected by their distresses, takes an almost immediate method of alleviating their sufferings, and makes the child the agent of his bounty. This circumstance is tortured by the malevolent *Ferret* into intentional crime and villainy, and thus represented to *Governor Heartall*, in order to incense him against his generous nephew. In the interim, the widow is apprised of the poverty of her fellow-lodgers, introduces herself to them, and, by a delicate stratagem, bestows on them the means of present

present comfort. The hypocritical *Ferret* endeavours, by every possible contrivance, to thwart the views of *Frank Heartall*, and by an anonymous letter, inflaming the jealousy of *Malfort*, jun. endangers the lives of both parties, in villainous expectancy of becoming heir to the property of the father and the uncle. On the arrival of *Captain Woodley*, (brother to the widow,) who recognizes *Heartall* as his old schoolfellow, and by whom he is informed of his passion for the lady, but still ignorant that she is the sister of his friend, an *equivoque* ensues, which gives a free scope to the raillery and vivacity of the accomplished widow. The elder *Malfort* now returns from India, of which the artful *Ferret* has full information; and as he has been the means of concealing the father and son from the knowledge of each other, he hastens to the younger *Malfort*, and offers him large sums, immediately to fly from the malice of his enemies, from penury and disgrace, thinking, thereby, to avoid the impending shame that threatens him. *Old Malfort*, conducted by *Simon*, his faithful steward, traces *Ferret* to the apartments of his son, where, after severely reprobating his conduct, he renounces all future connection with him, and abandons him to his feelings. *Malfort*, jun. advances; they recognise each other; and the father takes his afflicted son, and his amiable consort, to his immediate forgiveness and protection. A general muster of all parties takes place at the *Governor's* house, where *Ferret* meets to confront his numerous accusers: his art cannot furnish him with any palliation of his crimes, and he pleads the vice of avarice as his only excuse; endeavouring to atone for his enormities, by bestowing on the young soldier the residue of his wealth. Young *Heartall's* conduct is proved to be the result of benevolence; and he is rewarded by the forgiveness of his uncle, and the fair hand of the lovely widow.

This Comedy has a great deal of merit. The plot, which

which is interesting in itself, proceeds in a very natural manner from the circumstances and disposition of the characters at the opening of the piece. Several of the scenes are very affecting; nor is any deduction made from their influence by any constraint in the incidents of which they are composed. But, though we now speak of scenes that touch the more serious and noble sympathies of the heart, this play is not one of those which have no other interest but of that kind, and therefore produce no mirth, although they excite generous feeling. There is a vein of gaiety, of comic humour, runs through the whole of it, that makes it extremely pleasant. The lighter parts are conceived and managed with great dramatic skill. The whimsical traits of character, and touches of humour, are very naturally and happily placed. The third and fourth acts abound most with these. The scene in which the *Governor*, his nephew, *Mrs. Malfort*, and the *Widow*, are in the apartments of the latter, is of a true comic cast; as is also the scene between the *Widow*, her brother, and *Frank Heartall*, in which *Frank's* jealousy is wrought up to phrenzy, and dissipated by the single word *sister*, introduced with admirable stage effect. The character of *Frank* is very highly finished; and, although the general idea of it has no novelty, there are certain combinations, and some shades in it, that fairly make it the author's own. The same may be said of the lively, good-humoured, and delightful *Widow*. She is a very pleasing *madcap*, with an air of some novelty; and that is really no petty difficulty subdued, after all the attempts that have been made to draw such a character. Her description of her late husband's manner of life is coloured with great force and beauty. But there are other happy touches in this bewitching *Soldier's Daughter*. The *Governor* is drawn with great vigour. *Timothy Quaint* is a dexterous and pleasant sketch. It would be unjust to say, that any of the characters are feebly drawn. The play has many

fine

fine sentiments flowing in a genuine channel from the characters and the occasion. On the whole, *The Soldier's Daughter* does great honor to its author.

Scarcely ever did actors give an author more aid than in this Comedy. The acting was so excellent, that its principal characters deserve to be more particularly mentioned. In DOWTON's *Governor Heartall*, there was great felicity both of judgment and expression. The character is familiar to the stage, and therefore difficult to pourtray with any novelty of effect. He is a man carried away by the overflow of affections, suddenly changing from an extreme to its opposite. He loves his nephew, and hates his nephew, immoderately in the same minute. This has been dilineated often by very great actors in characters well known. Notwithstanding this, MR. DOWTON made a very strong impression by his manner of performing the *Governor*. It is as vehement, we may say extravagant, as this species of character, which approaches caricature, demands; yet, that which gives the whole an air of probability to such characters, the harmony of the colouring, was predominant. The *Timothy Quaint*, of MR. COLLINS, was distinguished by a degree of originality that is unusual, even in some of our best performers. The instantaneous impression it gave, was, that the actor did not see nor feel with other people's eyes or organs. We anticipate the day when this actor will leave us little reason to regret the days of the greatest of his predecessors in similar characters. The part of *Ferret* requires particular discrimination. MR. PALMER perfectly understood it. Nothing is so easy as to offend in such a character. Nothing is more difficult than to act the concealed villain, and not betray it to the persons on the scene, as well as to the audience. MR. PALMER avoided the former; and succeeded completely in the latter. MRS. JORDAN's *Widow Cheerly* was all that vivacity, good humour, and sensibility, could make it. To this the house gave their

their testimony in the loudest applause. The enthusiasm with which they seized the following words, can scarcely be adequately described:—

"It is said of me, that I have a facility in raising the spirits, and creating good-humour, where ever I am."

Mrs. Jordan's dress was extremely elegant: a white satin robe, very long train, with blue and silver drapery, and fringe with pearl ornaments; her head-dress a very prominent roll of brilliant silver crape, continued in a drapery from the head, crossed behind, and fastened on the right shoulder with silver cord and tassels; a plume of blue ostrich feathers, with pearl wreaths up the stalks; a pearl crescent, and a sprig fastened with a pearl arrow set with real topazes.

The play was received with as full and unmixed approbation as we ever witnessed. A Prologue was spoken by Mr. Pope, of no great value. The following Epilogue, spoken by Mrs. Jordan, was highly applauded.

EPILOGUE.

Before the fatal knot is fairly ty'd,
Before I change the widow for the bride,
Once more at this Tribunal I appear,
Nor doubt your favour to a Volunteer.
Such am I now—tho' not by martial laws—
I volunteer it in an author's cause.

This, his first Bantling, could your candour spare,
And take this offspring to your fost'ring care,
Nurtur'd by you, the tendril slip may root,
And fairer blossoms from its branch may shoot!

Like puppies born, are all dramatic brats;
For nine long days they are as blind as bats;
Poor crawling creatures, sons of care and night;
Then let *this* live 'till it can see the light;
And should you foster it to twenty-one,
Why then—Oh, no!
Dramatic Bantlings never go alone:
Unlike mankind, if once the nurse forsake 'em,
They die by inches, and the dogs won't take 'em.

Say,

Say, is the day our own?—how goes my cause?
You needn't speak—I'll judge by your applause.

'Tis well—this approbation's highly cheering,
I claim some merit for my volunteering;
And, like the sons of Albion's hardy soil,
Disdaining peril, and severest toil;
A mass of subjects in one loyal band,
To drive the spoiler from their native land;
And future tyrants teach that host to fear,
Who boast the name of British Volunteer!

Ladies, I one proposal fain would make,
And trust you'll hear it for your Country's sake;
While glory animates each mortal nerve,
Should British Women from the contest swerve?
No———
We'll form a female *Army of Reserve;*
And class them thus; the old are *Pioneers;*
Widows, *Sharp-shooters;* Wives are *Fusileers;*
Maids are *Battalion*—that's all under twenty;
And as for *Light Troops*—we have them in plenty;
Vixens the *trumpet* blow; Scolds beat the *drum:*
When thus prepar'd, what enemy dare come?
Those eyes that even Britons could enslave,
Will serve to light poor Frenchmen to their grave:
So shall th'artillery of British charms
Repel invaders without force of arms!
If this succeeds, as I the scheme have plann'd,
I expect, at least, the honor of command:
I have an *Aid-de-camp* behind the scene,
Who all this winter in the camp has been;
Inur'd to service in the tented field,
She can with ease the pond'rous musket wield;
The martial skill she shall impart to you,
Which on this spot so oft has had review:
Then humble, France! since British Women can
A firelock handle, as they do a fan!

Now, Brother Soldiers, dare I Sisters join?
If you this night your efforts should combine,
To save our Corps from anxious hope and fear,
And send out *Mercy*—as a Volunteer!
To whose white banner should the Critics flock,
Our rallying numbers might sustain the shock.
The sword shall then cease from impending slaughter,
If Mercy's shield protects *The Soldier's Daughter.*

Cabinet

Cabinet of Fashion,

WITH ELEGANT COLOURED PLATES.

DRESSES.

1. A short round Dress of White Muslin, with a Pelice of Purple Velvet. A Straw Hat, ornamented with a Pink Wreath. Feathers to match the Pelice. Bear Muff. Purple Shoes.

2. A Cap of French Velvet, and lace Ornaments, with Roses in Front. A Dress of plain or sprigged Muslin. Sleeves trimmed with Lace. Fashionable Shawl. Buff Gloves. Fan.

3. A Mameluke Turban of White Satin; White Ostrich Feather, with Gold Ornaments. A Tunick of Pink Crape, trimmed with White Lace, and White Tassels. White Muslin Petticoat. Pink Shoes.

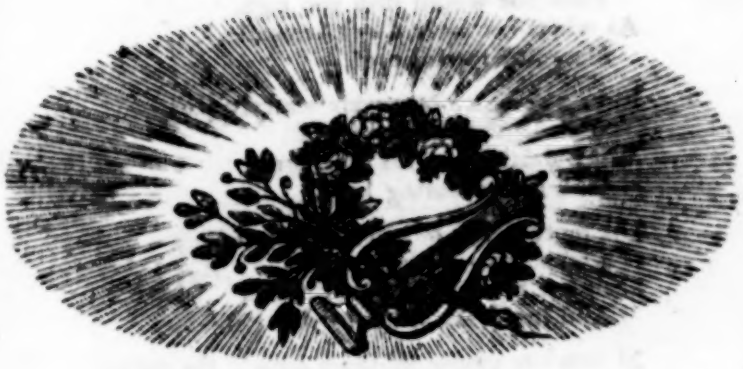
WALKING DRESS

FULL DRESSES

Published March 1st 1804 by Vernor & Hood Poultry.

R. Sands del

BRITISH MUSEUM
14
48
SEP



The Apollonian Wreath.

WILLIAM AND SUSAN.

"A simple tale, and simply told."

Supposed to be related by an aged Cottager to her Grand-daughter.

WHEN I was in life's early morn,
And blythe, my child, like you,
In yonder cot, beneath the elm,
Dwelt modest, blooming Sue.

In russet gown, and hat of straw,
Health sparkling in her eye,
How oft I've seen the lovely lass
From market tripping by!

The damsel, too, young William saw;
A gentle, comely youth;
He saw her—Ah! he lov'd her too,
And vow'd eternal truth.

But Susan was an orphan girl,
Of humble parents born;
And William's father view'd, alas!
Her poverty with scorn.

To bless their love he'd ne'er consent,
Tho' ask'd on bended knee;
But, cruel! sent his only child
To brave the stormy sea.

How oft, then, at yon pathway stile,
Poor Sue would stop and sigh,
As where her lover dwelt erewhile,
She cast a tearful eye!

But six short months were scarcely past,
Since William left the land,
When death upon his cruel sire
Laid his unsparing hand.

His mother was of gen'rous mind,
And sorrowing for her son,
She took his darling Susan home,
And lov'd her as her own.

Meanwhile young William cross'd the main;
Yet oft with Fancy's eye,
He view'd his love, so far away,
And heav'd the tender sigh.

And oft, when round the flowing bowl
His jovial messmates drew,
Upon the deck he'd linger still,
And think on lovely Sue.

At length, the tedious voyage o'er,
The rolling waves recede;
And towards his much-lov'd native home
He came with lover's speed.

'Twas in the rosy month of June,
Each bough with blossoms hung,
As at my cottage door I sat,
And turn'd my wheel and sung,

I saw young William cross the green,
Towards Susan's cot he drew;
With haste I left my spinning-wheel,
And to the youth I flew.

With thoughtless, inconsiderate haste,
I told the tidings soon;
Such warring passions heav'd his breast,
I thought the youth would swoon.

And soon the chearful village bells,
Told to the hamlet round,
That William and his lovely Sue
In Hymen's bands were bound.

'Twas down in yonder flow'ry vale,
At Eden Farm they dwelt;
And kindly strove to shed around
The happiness they felt.

February, 1804. ELLEN.

ELEGY

ON THE DEATH OF

GENERAL GRINFIELD,

Who fell a Victim to the YELLOW FEVER, *at the Age of* 58 *Years, on the* 19*th of October*, 1803, *in the Island of* * *Barbadoes, three Days after the Decease of his amiable Lady.*

By CAPTAIN STOCKDALE,

LOYAL BRITONS.

WHAT boding omens, on the western gale,
In tearful sympathy, this Isle assail!
Why, sad, responsive, does Britannia sigh?
Has fate decreed a nation's downfall nigh?
Ah! no! But yet a generous people mourn
Their GRINFIELD dead, from them and glory torn—
The verdant laurels, to his eager grasp,
Yield, nor relent, his warlike brow to clasp.
Long, vainly, death, in battle's storm, had tried
To pierce his gallant breast with crimson dyed:
In vain oppos'd the thundering cannons roar
And glittering steel; he firmly trod the shore:—
His country's cause bore down the opposing host;
"My COUNTRY, GOD, and KING," his only boast.

So foil'd, the tyrant, in the blood-steep'd field,
To other scenes he flew, unus'd to yield:
A much-lov'd wife in sickness, drooping, laid;
The hero soon the calls of love obey'd;
To sooth her pain, without success, he strove;
Her spirit fled, to happier realms, above.
He felt the fatal pang, and, kneeling, cried,
"Thou, dearest angel, be my final guide!
"The path long trodden on the earth below,
"Together leaving, let us now forego!
"No more on fleeting triumphs shall I rise,
"But join thy choir celestial in the skies."
Our mortal hero then resign'd his breath,
And, dying, conquer'd, e'en the victor, Death.

London, Jan. 12, 1804.

* General Grinfield, at the time of his universally-lamented death, was Commander in Chief of His Majesty's Forces, serving in the Windward and Leeward Charibbee Islands, and Colonel of the 86th Regiment of Foot. In the short space of three months, he had captured the French islands of St. Lucia and Tobago; the former by storm; and the Dutch settlements at Demerara, Essequibo, and Berbice, by capitulation. In the first campaign of the late war, he, then Colonel of the battalion of the 3d Foot Guards, was present at the siege of Valenciennes, &c. at which his Royal Highness the Duke of York commanded in person, and very particularly signalized himself in the well-known attack on Lincelles, where, being second in command under General Lake, they, with only 1120 of the Guards, beat 5000 French, and obliged them to give up the post.

ELEGIAC SONNET.

BY MR. HACKETT.

The dear illusions will not last;
The era of enchantment's past;
The wild romance of life is done,
The real history's begun.

WHEN I review the moments that are fled,
The varied pleasures, which were once my own,
'Mid scenes of happiness my breast has known
With friends who now are number'd with the dead;

An icy tremor creeps thro' every vein,
And numbs each gayer feeling of my heart;
That heart, which, once, insensible to pain,
Form'd no conjecture that we e'er could part.

In life's young years—I gave it not a thought,
That those I lov'd would e'er be ta'en away;
But soon, alas! the bitter change was wrought,
That turn'd the living—into heaps of clay:
Thus life's gay visions—gloomy death destroys;
And thus must perish all terrestrial joys.

Temple,

THE RESOLVE.

THE slave of love I'll never be;
My soul defies the urchin's art:
Go, blind deceiver! go, and play
On softer hearts thy treacherous part.

On mine thy boasted power is lost;
Deceitful boy! thy wiles are vain;
I laugh to scorn thy dreadful frown,
And treat thy proffers with disdain.

To Friendship only will I give
Those vows which others to thee pay;
And, bless'd with her seraphic smile,
My days in peace will glide away.

EMILY.

THE DEPARTURE.

Written at Sea off Sunderland, July 1803.

FAREWELL, ye gay scenes, that to Fancy's eye peering,
Display all your charms to engage me to stay;
That press on my heart with remembrance endearing,
Farewell—for the breezes now waft me away.

My friends, too, farewell; for with you, too, I'm parting;
May pleasure pursue where'er devious you go;
As may each social joy, its pure transport imparting,
Protect you through life from the phantoms of woe.

Now, as fondly I gaze on the shore fast receding,
Each object belov'd rises fresh to my view;
Whilst back o'er the waves, their wild surges unheeding,
My soul, borne by fancy, still travels to you.

Now the far-bounding billow, tumultuously spreading,
Flings on high, all fantastic, its torrent of spray;
Whilst the Sea, as a mirror, around me is shedding
A splendor that adds to the glor.es of day.

But what is the far-bounding billow uprising
To give all fantastic its beauties to view,
And what is the sparkling of ocean worth prizing,
To one who in sadness is sighing—Adieu?

Shall yon sea-bird be torn from his surf-beaten dwelling,
To joy in the space that a cage can afford,
Nor pine for the waves that around him were swelling,
Nor think on the rock round whose summit he soar'd?

Ah, no! nor can now the wild tumults of ocean,
That break on mine ear with their murmuring roar,
Suppress the too sad, the too tender emotion,
That throbs at my heart as I gaze on the shore.

'Tis in vain nature round me each beauty is throwing,
As I think on *those* friends, each delight I disown;
For how can I dwell on *these* scenes without knowing,
That soon e'n *those friends* and *these scenes* will be gone?

But enough—for to me now no longer 'tis given
To muse on the past with indulgent delay;
Adieu, then, to all—for we part in the even—
Farewell—for the breezes now waft me away.

Leatherhead. JOSEPH AYRE.

REFLECTION ON VARIETY.

BLEST be that power that framed man
Upon an ever varying plan,
And form'd his mind with joy to prove
The sweets of friendship and of love.

The mind, by fancy led along,
May hear entranc'd the poet's song;
Or, with the thirst of fame inspir'd,
May feel with martial ardor fir'd.

The breast is fram'd to heave the sigh,
Or beat with bounding transport high;
The eye may shine in radiance clear,
Or dimm'd with soft Compassion's tear.

For mine own part, though free from wine,
Yet chearful is this heart of mine;
In every limb new vigor grows,
The joys which temperance bestows.

Oft o'er meadows pleas'd I stray,
Made with various liv'ries gay;
Or saunt'ring by the river's side,
I view the liquid waters glide:

There, soft as love on beds of roses,
Pleas'd awhile my soul reposes!
My eyes are fix'd upon the stream,
Which passes silent as a dream.

'Tis thus Variety can please,
And charm a mind but ill at ease;
Sweet e'en to paint (tho' poor the lay)
The varied business of the day.

Sweet to reflect, tho' tears may flow,
The breast may soon with transport glow;
And grief give place to joy and mirth,
Cheering our short abode on earth.

Manchester, DUNCAN.
Feb. 18*th*, 1804.

THE

THE BARON IN GREYE.

BALLAD.

In Imitation of the "RED CROSSE KNYGHT."

PARTE THE FIRSTE.

"WHITHER so faste, thou ladye faire?
"Ah stoppe thy steede so whyte;
"The sunne is hyghe in the westerne skye,
"And distante is the nyghte.
"Ah, stoppe, and soothe the sorrowes sadde
"That in my castle preye;
"Where no songe can sounde, nor dance goe rounde,
"Nor musicke merrilie playe."

"Ah, why me staye, thou Baron greye?
"Ah, why delaye my flyghte?
"The sunne is hyghe, but I must flye
"To distant realms to nyghte.
"I hasten o'er the mossy moore,
"To wedde my lover gaye;
"Where the songe shall sounde, and the dance goe rounde,
"And the musicke merrilie playe."

"Yet deigne to taste the lordlie feaste
"That I this nyghte prepare;
"For what's a feaste unlesse its grac'd
"With store of ladies faire?
"The tender minde no joye can finde
"Where ladies are awaye,
"Tho' the songe may sounde, and the dance goe rounde,
"And the musicke merrilie playe."

"I cannot staye, thou Baron greye,
"Through woodie wilds I rove;
"And where's the thinge can staye the winge—
"Th' unwearied winge of Love?—
"Yet, to soothe thy care, and sadde despair,
"An houre or two I'll staye;
"Tho' no songe shall sounde, nor dance goe rounde,
"Nor musicke merrilie playe.

* * * * * * * * * * * * * * *

"The rolling sunne his race hath runne,
"The twylight's glimmerings fade;
"The moone is bryghte, and the stars are lyghte,
"— Six tedious houres I've stay'd.

"Fa-

" Far hence I rove, to meete my love,
" (This is my weddinge daye,)
" Where the songe shall sounde, and the dance goe rounde,
" And the musicke merrilie playe."

" Yet, ladye, staye, once more I praye,
" Another boone I crave:
" My only sonne is deade and gone,
—" This nyghte he seekes the grave.
" Six virgins faire his pall will beare,
" And see him laide in claye;
" And the bell shall sounde, and the chaunte goe rounde,
" And the slow dirge heavilie playe.

" Then heare my prayer, thou ladye faire,
" Nor o'er the mountains rove;
" Remaine with me, a youthe to see
" That dy'd for ladye's love.
" —Prepare the tombe, the houre is come;
" Goe, beare my sonne awaye;
" Let the deathe-bell sounde, and the chaunte goe rounde,
" And the slowe dirge heavilie playe.

" Goe on, goe on, ye sable thronge,
" In solemn silence move;
" A youthe ye beare, ye virgins faire,
" That dy'd for ladye's love.
" Across the nyghte let tapers bryghte
" Shoot forth a lengthen'd raye;
" Let the deathe-bell sounde, and the chaunte goe rounde,
" And the slowe dirge heavilie playe."

Then sadde and slowe the virgins goe,
—The ladye follow'd too;
When looking downe the coffin on—
—Her lover's name she knewe!
Her limbs soe faire no more could beare,
But on a tombe she lay'd:
While the bell did sounde, and the chaunte went rounde,
And the slowe dirge heavilie play'd.

PARTE THE SECONDE.

" Yet wipe thy teare, thou ladye faire,
" Thou yet may'st happie bee;
" But, since my sonne is deade and gone,
" No joye remains for mee.
" A lover kinde thou soone may'st finde,
" Mid scenes of pleasure gaye,
" Where the songe shall sounde, and the dance goe rounde,
" And the musicke merrilie playe.

Yet,

" Yet, ladye, praye, when far awaye,
" To happie mansions gone,
" Ah! thinke, I praye, on the Baron greye,
" And of his haplesse sonne.
" Then fare thee welle, and may'st thou dwelle
" Mid scenes of pleasure gaye,
" Where no chaunte goes rounde, nor death-bells sounde,
" But musicke merrilie playe."

" Ah! cease I praye, thou Baron greye,
" Thy comforte is in vaine;
" The hearte for aye that's given awaye,
" Can ne'er be given againe.
" I'll put me on thy mourning gowne,
" And at break and close of daye,
" The bell shall sounde, and the chaunte goe rounde,
" And requiems heavilie playe.

" Yet, ah! throwe backe thy weedes of blacke,
" Since nowe the funeral's done;
" For in thy face I faintly trace
" Some features of thy sonne:
" To soothe thy paine I'll here remaine,
" 'Till thy laste yeares decaye,
" 'Till thy bell shall sounde, and thy chaunte goe rounde,
" And thy slowe dirge heavilie playe."

He then layde downe his sable gowne,
—And his hoarie locks and bearde!
And to her eyes, without disguise,
Her lover true appear'd!
" Drie up thy teare, thou ladye faire,
" I've prov'd thy faithe to-daye;
" Now the songe shall sounde, and the dance goe rounde,
" And the musicke merrilie playe.

" Our kindred all within the halle
" The weddinge feaste arraye;
" Where the songe shall sounde, and the dance goe rounde,
" And the musicke merrilie playe."
They founde them all within the halle,
And the weddinge feaste array'd;
And the songe did sounde, and the dance went rounde,
And the musicke merrilie play'd.

Ch: Ch: Oxford. MUSEPHILUS.

Feb. 1804.

THE FEMALE ALIEN.

" Death! ere thou hast kill'd another,
" Fair, and learn'd, and good as she,
" Time shall throw a dart at thee."—
BEN JONSON.

A young and amiable Lady, soon after her arrival in this Country from America, was seized with a lingering Illness, that terminated her Life: previous to that awful Moment, she is supposed to address an only Sister as follows.

DEAR sister! grieve no more for me,
(The lovely Laura dying said;)
Oh! wipe that trickling tear away,
Tho' ev'ry hope of life is fled.

I feel my heart with coldness chill'd,
I know I have not long to live;
Yet ere I die,—*one wish* fulfill'd,
Would comfort to my spirit give.

My Felix now is far away,
No more his form will meet my view;
To him my parting gift convey,
This *virgin lock*, I leave with you.—

And say that in that dreadful hour,
When earthly prospects disappear,
That Laura, while she'd yet the power,
Confess'd her heart held Felix dear.

And bid him this memento take,
That, when forgot midst scenes of joy,
Rememb'rance at the sight may wake,
And steal for me one tender sigh.

Ah, me! I fainly would not see
My much-lov'd, kindest sister weep.
Dear sister! grieve no more for me!—
She said, and slept as Angels sleep.

Liverpool. U.

TRANSLATION FROM VOLTAIRE.

———A Wife indulgent grant
With beauty, sweet and complaisant
To all my faults, with bending ease,
Making—e'en me—my actions please:
Correcting, yet invisibly;
Governing, without tyranny;
Gaining my love by just such stealth
As lovely days improve the health.

Liverpool.

FAREWELL SONNET.

ELIZA, raise thy languid head; cheer up,
My lovely girl, nor longer sigh for me;
Darkness and storms my days o'ercast, but thou
May'st live to love. Revive thy drooping soul,
And in some envied lover's arms enwrapt,
May thy days flow with pleasure to the grave.
Relentless fate has seal'd my doom—Depriv'd
Of thee, on whom my mind so fondly dwelt,
In whom my sum of happiness was found,
Cheerless shall I sojourn—Speedy and sad
Will be my passage to the silent tomb.
There the afflicted rest. For thee, sweet girl,
Farewel for ever—and when clasp'd within
Young Albert's arms, ah! still remember me!

Temple. GEORGE.

THE DEFENDERS OF ALBION,

A PATRIOTIC SONG.

BY MR. HACKETT.

WHEN the foes of old England audaciously dare,
With presumption unrival'd, to threaten our coast,
Not a bosom can, surely, their insolence bear,
But indignantly throbs at the impotent boast:
'Tis their purpose to blood-stain our dear native earth
With the currents to stream from our fast-flowing veins;
With pretences of giving fair Liberty birth
In the land that she loves—in the land where she reigns.

CHORUS.

For his country, his freedom, and laws;
In defending so noble a cause,
Each Briton will conquer or die,
And, dying, th' invaders defy:
Tho' he part with his lingering breath,
Bright laurels will crown him in death,
And, borne on the pinions of Fame,
He will live in his glorious name.

When the tocsins of Albion announce them in sight,
And the drums, and the trumpets, extend the alarm;
Is there one that will shrink from the fame-spreading fight,
Or pause, for his rights, in a moment to arm?
No—the sons of Britannia will rouse at the sound,
And pant to encounter the host in the field;
For the *God of their Fathers* still hovers around,
And commands them to conquer, but never to yield.

CHORUS.

For his country, his freedom, and laws;
In defending so noble a cause, &c.

SONNET,

BY MISS W*******

COLD blows the blast, the threat'ning tempest scowls,
The bird of night in fitful terror screams;
The distant dog in hollow murmurs howls,
And dark'ning clouds obscure the moon's pale beams:
Now Melancholy grasps the hand of Care,
And leads her, 'mid the yew and cypress grove,
To Superstition's cave, whose murky air
E'er proves a foe to beauty and to love.
But shall this gloom enwrap the blossom'd vale:
Can Fancy paint no scene more gay than this?
Yes—morn now breaks, and through the cloud's dark veil,
Hope smiling views bright beams of future bliss!
Oh! may my prospects brighten like the morn,
And joy succeed to scenes, both cheerless and forlorn!

SOLUTION OF THE CHARADE

WHICH APPEARED IN OUR LAST.

Peas-ant.

Correspondence, &c.

In compliance with the wishes of Musiphilus, *we have inserted the whole of his* Ballad *in the present Number of The Lady's Museum, that it might not be presented to our readers in a disjointed state. At the same time we hope he will consider it a particular indulgence; as, if we were to give place to many such long pieces, it would operate to the exclusion of a number of favors from our other poetical correspondents.*

Henricus *on* Affectation, &c. *shall have an early insertion.*

"Sonnet to Hope,"—"Madrigal, to Miss M———h,"—G to the Linnet,"—"The Negro's Lament,"—*and* "Bertha on an April Sun-Beam,"—*shall have a place in our next Number.*

Engraved by Heywood

Mrs. Fitzherbert.

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